SAMUEL PEPYS

A PORTRAIT IN MINIATURE

J. LUCAS-DUBRETON

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Samuel Pepys

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From the Picture by Sir Peter Lely, in the Hall of Magdalene College, Cambridge

Samuel Pepys

A Portrait in Miniature

By

J. Lucas-Dubreton

Translated from the French by

H. J. Stenning

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SAMUEL PEPYS

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CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

"John Pepys, tailor and citizen of London, married a laundress, by whom he had several children. Samuel, the eldest, was born on the 23rd February, 1633."

It would seem our hero is of plebeian birth. He does not acknowledge the fact, as among his ancestors were officials and sheriffs and he is related to the Montagu family, which was socially well placed. Moreover, in one of his books we read:

"Samuel Pepys of Brampton in Huntingdonshire, Esq., Descended from ye antient family of Pepys of Cottenham in Cambridgeshire."

This is the finished style of Pepys; the pompous phrases are designed to impose the book upon

posterity. Still, a tailor and a laundress are not precisely on the steps of the throne. We are precluded from conjecturing that the family was a noble one fallen into decay by Samuel's own admission in his truthful journal: "My family was never considerable." Moreover, these distinctions of plebeians and patricians never had in his country the same significance as elsewhere. The English aristocracy was an affair of money and office. That fortunate island scarcely knew feudalism in the French sense of the word.

Samuel never tumbled about the London pavements nor trailed along the streets in the wake of the City apprentices. He lived—happy boy—partly in the town and partly in the country. Thus he retains a rustic flavour, an odour of the fields. In fine, this official smells the reverse of musty. At the age of seventeen he is a bursar at Cambridge; Trinity Hall, and then Magdalen College.

Does he work? Does he idle? There is only one indication to guide us. On the 21st October, 1653, Samuel is severely admonished for being scandalously drunk with a comrade. This is not sufficient to condemn a man, least of all a student.

We know that he learned to read Latin, write Greek, and mumble Italian, French, and Spanish. At the age of twenty-two, having taken his degree but being penniless, what is this young Englishman, son of an artisan and member of an eminently practical race, to do? He gets married. His wife, Elizabeth Saint-Michel, belongs to France. Her father, Alexandre Marchant, sieur de Saint-Michel, came from a good Anjou family. Son of the sheriff of Bauge, he was assured of an honourable and peaceful reversion, had he not taken it into his head to become a Huguenot. He was cut off with a shilling. Attached to the retinue of Henrietta-Maria of France, the wife and unhappy genius of Charles I, he was dismissed by that devout Catholic princess for being a Huguenot. Then he married the widow of an Irish landlord, but life did not go more easily with him. He crossed to France in an attempt to recover some scraps of his inheritance, but failing in this, he returned to England, where he learned that the Papists had abducted his daughter and placed her with the Ursulines. He recrossed the Channel, snatched his daughter from the convent and brought her back with him. The young girl was

fifteen years of age, and, although of a pallid complexion, doubtless she had charming manners. In any case she had no dowry. How Samuel made her acquaintance we do not know. No chronicler has left us an account of his courtship, and probably we shall never learn what fire lit his youthful eyes. In later life he was wont to be touched by the remembrance of these far-off years, seen in blurred outline through a sentimental mist.

The sieur Saint-Michel himself was delighted at having a true Protestant for son-in-law; this assured him that Elizabeth was safe from the Papists for ever, saying which Elizabeth kissed her father's eyes. In this posture of touching heterodoxy her first and not least sympathetic attitude, we make the acquaintance of Mrs. Samuel Pepys.

The marriage over, the problem is how to live. The tailor was anything but a rich man. As for Alexandre he was a man fertile in ideas, but unable to carry them out, an ardent reformer who could only beget fantastic projects. His pockets were full of schemes; magnificent schemes for purifying water, for curing smoking chimneys, moulding bricks, and prospecting King Solomon's mines.

They all came to naught. In the Pepysian drama this father-in-law almost filled the rôle of old Sedley in *Vanity Fair*, who founded so many hopes on the possibilities of incombustible coal. Fortunately there is a relative at hand, Sir Edward Montagu, Admiral of the Fleet and future Earl of Sandwich. This important personage comes to the rescue and makes Samuel his confidential servant. The household is installed in the patron's Whitehall residence. The post is a subordinate one but calls for the exercise of tact. Among Samuel's duties is the supervision of the domestic staff.

One day a serving-maid gets married secretly. The news comes to Montagu's ears and disgrace threatens to overtake the errant girl, and with infinite tact Pepys saves the situation. In June, 1659, he accompanies his master on the *Naseby*. He becomes acquainted with the sea and the Navy, that Navy to which he is destined to devote the best part of his life. Doubtless he gets an idea of the depth of the ocean, although he remains oblivious of that of the diplomatic intrigues which surround him. On his return he becomes clerk to Sir G. Downing, one of the

Tellers of the Receipt of the Exchequer, with a salary of £50 per annum. He leaves Montagu's house and removes with his wife to an attic in Axe Yard, Westminster, where we find him on the 1st January, 1660.

"Blessed be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain." The old pain of this young man is the stone, for which he has been cut at Mrs. Turner's in Fleet Street. He tells us that his wife gave him hopes of offspring, but unfortunately nothing came of it; that he is believed to be very rich, but is in reality very poor; that he has dined in the attic on the remains of a turkey (from Montagu's table?) in the cooking of which his wife burnt her hand. In a flash the characteristic Pepys is revealed to us. Now on this same 1st January General George Monk crossed the Tweed.

CHAPTER II

THE COFFEE-HOUSE AND THE RESTORATION

To cross a stream and step from Scotland into England does not appear at first sight to be a very grave matter. Yet this incident ranks in importance with such momentous events as the crossing of the Rubicon or Bonaparte's return from Egypt, and the infinite consequences which flowed from it affected every member of society, and Pepys not least. He had been a sincere Puritan; on the day of the execution of King Charles I at Whitehall, he exclaimed: "Were I to preach upon this matter, my text would be: 'The memory of the wicked shall rot.'" Indiscreet words for a boy of sixteen!

Then he witnessed the rise and fall of the Cromwellian epoch, that Biblical epoch which Carlyle, the new Orpheus of the puritan Eurydice, exhumed in order to teach heroism to his contemporaries, which he celebrated as a kind of Protestant Mass

in well-known phrases of emphatic eloquence. Cromwell had God on his lips, a sword in his hand, and a majority behind him. He made and unmade Parliaments, uprooted the debaters and lawyers as if they were weeds, because they dealt in words instead of things and were incapable of establishing the reign of justice and tolerance.[1]

He knew how to use force and his words, at once mystical and practical, savouring of heaven and earth, re-echoed in all men's hearts. This was enough to make Pepys revere him.

But the hero with the leonine face was dead and his son Richard, whose government had been only a gilded mediocrity, "a golden mean between the head in the clouds and the tail in the mud," had vanished. All that was left were Cromwell's old soldiers, a derisive assembly composed of forty skeletons called the "Rump Parliament," and General Monk, who had just crossed the Tweed and was on his way to London at the head of a new and uncompromised Army. To Pepys the situation appears very complicated. What will

[1] An Italian has said: "Cromwell expelled the Parliament and only *he* may talk and lie (*parle et ment seul*)." But Cowley, a contemporary poet, admired the hero who "summoned Parliament with a stroke of the pen and dissolved it with a breath from his lips."

come of it? A republic or a monarchy? What line should he take? The march of events leaves him behind. In spite of being on the spot, he neither sees nor understands what is happening. Not that he neglects to gather information. His official duties leave him plenty of leisure. He haunts the streets in quest of news and in the evening finds his industrious wife preparing the meal, washing the linen, and sometimes seeking recreation in the *Polexandre* of M. Gomberville.[1]

At night his anxiety keeps him out of his bed, and he ponders until the night-watchman passes with his bell, crying: "Past one o'clock! Cold morning; hail and wind." Then he creeps into bed, for prolonged vigils have disastrous effects.

In times of political agitation the coffee-house is a breeding-ground of subversive ideas, and it is at the coffee-house, especially the establishment of Miles, that Pepys begins to serve his civic apprenticeship. There he meets political romantics of the first water, such as Harrington (who has such attractive plans for the rehabilitation of Catholic Ireland by Jewish colonization), doctors,

[1] An interminable French romance which had a great vogue in the seventeenth century.

merchants, and officials, an assembly of which it would be difficult to find the like in France. This circle of idealists and intriguers debates with ardour, and the young Pepys, with round cheeks and wide-open eyes, eagerly follows the discussion upon the character of the government of the Romans. But these are only the speculations of theorists. How much more exciting the history that is in the making on the other side of the door. Monk is approaching. What will he do? Royalists are ill at ease. "He is a black monk and cannot be seen through." The republicans fear he has a King up his sleeve, a phrase which shocks the Chaplain-General, who corrects: "He has the King in his heart." It is all the same to Pepys, who is looking to see which way the wind blows, resolved to follow the majority, whichever they may be, for a man must live.

On the 11th February, 1660, the pealing of bells greets the appearance of a little fat man, who is escorted by the magistrates of the City. It is Monk. He is welcomed with a great burst of acclamation. In the evening the streets, illuminated by bonfires, resemble a whole lane of fire, and the heat is so great that Pepys is obliged to

GEORGE MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

From the Original of Sir Peter Lely

make a detour to reach home. Never has he witnessed such a popular demonstration. Around him the urchins hiss the members of the Rump Parliament and make themselves hoarse with shouting: "Kiss my Parliament," instead of "Kiss my rump." All this gives rise to reflection. Will the future dictator be Monk? Some days after, a man carrying a ladder, a pot, and a brush approaches the statue of Charles I and effaces the words graven on the plinth: *Exit tyrannus.* Then he throws away his pot and brush, swearing never to use them again, as they have had the honour of effacing the inscription of the rebels.

Thus the spirit of loyalty revives in the heart of this anonymous painter. Assuredly it will also revive in the puritan heart of Pepys, but not before he has been a prey to wracking uncertainty. Will he have to acknowledge Charles (the son of the martyr King), George (Monk), or Richard (Cromwell)? He seeks where he can for an answer, imbibes "the largest quantity of brandy that he had ever drunk," neglects Downing and the office, at one moment even fearing dismissal, is generally upset and too prone to quarrel with his wife. But imperceptibly the King's cause

gains ground; the anniversary of the execution of Charles I will be the fateful day. It is time for Pepys to forget his boyish impulse to preach. A new text, *Domine, salvum fac regem*, is now inspiring the coffee-house songs. One more effort and another name will be added to the list of the converted. One day my Lord Montagu asks him if he can, without too much inconvenience, go to sea with him as his secretary. "Between ourselves I think the King is coming back." This is decisive. The Admiral has spoken. The future master will be neither George (a dull heavy man) nor Richard. His course is now clear and exclusively Royalist. There is no longer any danger in following the trend of affairs; let us hail the return of the Lion and Unicorn. Pepys is not rich and the tavern is expensive. He is careful to go out with little money in his pocket, but in vain. There are occasions when he must pay for a round of drinks, even without getting the credit for so doing.[1]

As secretary to the Admiral his situation

[1] Having caused two bottles of wine to be carried from the tavern, "I had not the wit to let them know at table that it was I that paid for them, and so I lost my thanks for them."

changes. He receives presents, letters with the superscription "Samuel Pepys, Esquire," becomes important and exacting, and boxes his boy's ears.

A word to Downing, a few regrets at leaving his wife, and *vogue la galère* (come what may).

For Carlyle, the singer of the Cromwelliad, this galley, still bearing a puritan name[1] but which will soon carry a royal and frivolous cargo, is not sailing towards a splendid future. The flaring tar barrels, the bonfires, the chimes do not announce the advent of the government of God. "Alas! religion cannot be practised. Let us seek refuge in the past, the future is impossible." Lofty sentiments! Monk's chaplain has a more terrestrial outlook: England, a stream choked up by force and tyranny, has shattered the obstacles and is resuming its free course. The reader is free to choose between these alternatives, but the second is correct in this: the popular explosion engendered a literature of the miry gutter, a blossom of the dunghill, which did not enrich English letters, viz., the songs of the Rump.[2]

[1] The *Naseby*.

[2] Cf. Carlyle. *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, I, 9, 69, V, 135, 156. *Past and Present*, p. 185. Disraeli, *Curiosities of Literature*, III, 436. Macaulay, *History of England*, 1, 64, 73.

Pepys collected them lovingly. Probably drolleries of this kind amused him.

> They say 'tis good luck when a body rises
> With the rump upwards, but he that advises
> To live in that posture is none of the wisest.

In fact, is not this image the same as Carlyle offers us of England after Cromwell, "a greedy ostrich, with head stuck into the readiest bush of all, Church tippets, Kings' cloaks, and the other extremity Sunward"?

CHAPTER III

VOYAGE TO THE LOW COUNTRIES

ALONE at night in his cabin and downcast, Pepys passes some anxious hours, charming away his depression as best he can with his violin. But quickly he adapts himself; life on board is pretty tolerable; there are still rather too many sermons, but he rubs shoulders with influential men and plays skittles. My Lord invites him to his table; the senior officers treat him well; he renders little lucrative services, and, lastly, there is no lack of drink.

Every day brings him a fresh sense of the pleasure of his present life. One thing remains to disquiet him. What is afoot? He has seen a drunken cavalier brought in as a prisoner for crying "Vive le Roi"; he was most civilly released. My Lord talks but does not commit himself; he must be conducting some secret intrigue. Gradually the veil is lifted.

Unknown to Monk, my lord is corresponding with the King. What a prospect this opens. To be the relative of a man in the confidence of his sovereign! This discovery overwhelms Pepys with joy. To Monk is allotted the honour of doing the business, negotiating with Parliament, preparing for the return, and appeasing the soldiers of England. The profit is the share of Montagu and his friends. A light begins to dawn in Samuel's honest but unalert mind.

So everything is not all trust and sincerity. All is not open and above board. The strong man is he who dissimulates, foresees contingencies, and never gets excited.

At The Hague, where they disembark, Pepys accompanies his patron on a round of visits, and receives his first real political lesson in this country, "a most neat place in all respects." "In religion I perceive he is wholly sceptical, saying that indeed the Protestants as to the Church of Rome are whole fanatics; he likes uniformity. His conversion to the King's cause commenced from when he found what usage he was likely to have from a commonwealth." That's the way to make a splendid and honourable career. A counter-

proof is close at hand. Cromwell's old ambassador, Samuel Morland, who betrayed his master and revealed his secrets to Charles II, has just been knighted, but when he comes on board, Montagu and his officers do not show him any respect, all looking upon him as a knave. Treachery must not be too open.

Along the sands of Schevening, in the midst of the amenities of The Hague, and through sweet Delft with rivers in every street, Pepys airs his profound thoughts. He shows himself an attentive observer, curious about practical details like all travellers of his nation; he has a sense of proportion and does not confine his activities to peering at monuments. If he admires the tomb of Admiral van Tromp and the *bas-relief* representing the naval fight with the smoke, the best expressed that he has ever seen in his life, he also notices that in the inns a poor-man's box hangs in every room, "it is their custom to confirm all bargains by putting something into the poor people's box, and that binds as fast as anything." He goes to see the great weight that hangs up in the town hall, like a bushel, which malefactors have to carry through the streets over their heads.

Above all, he is interested in the women, scarcely any of whom at The Hague are pretty, although most of them are fashionable, their faces being adorned with black spots and their demeanour revealing gaiety and high spirits. He seeks to engage one of them in conversation (the fashionable world speaks French or Latin); takes the opportunity of a ring which she wears on her finger to kiss her hand, but is too timid to go farther.

At a later date Saint Evrèmond told the French public: "The women of this country are sociable enough to divert us, but not sufficiently sprightly to disturb our rest."

The future historian will not be able to neglect this glimpse of Holland in her palmy days, when she was a burghers' republic of trade and science, of merchants, scholars, and booksellers, organized on hierarchical lines, ably governed, and polished. The height of the May-poles planted at the doors of great men vary according to the quality of the person; the guards of the Prince are magnificent, and the muskets of the burghers are as bright as silver. And while Pepys is accorded the honour of seeing the young Prince of Orange, the future William III, and kissing the hand of his new

sovereign, "a very sober man," these bright muskets evoke the image of an old man living in poverty a few miles away, a half-blind painter with red eyelids, just as we may see him in the Louvre: the old Rembrandt who eighteen years ago was the Rembrandt of the "Night Patrol."

Does the forgotten bankrupt in his studio, wiping his brushes on his coat-tail, hear the salvos fired in honour of the new King of England? At any rate, these manœuvres are ordered in celebration of the event, and Pepys's account is on the whole more suggestive. The fleet has been purged of Puritanism; the harp, that harmonious symbol of the Protectorate, has disappeared from the flagships; crowns and C's and R's (*Carolus Rex*) have been cut out of yellow cloth; these too famous timbers have been rebaptized: the *Naseby* becomes *Charles*, and *Richard James*. Hands are kissed, salvos are fired in disorder, "which was better than if it had been otherwise." Not to be behindhand in loyalty, Pepys almost spoils his eye in firing the gun over against his cabin. And the exorcized fleet, with its freightage of royal blood, sails in a fair wind for England.

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CHAPTER IV

THE YOUNG BUCK AND HIS APOTHEOSIS

Upon the quarter-deck Charles II relates his escape from Worcester. Wandering disguised as a servant, with a green coat, trunk hose hanging below the garter, a greasy leather doublet, split shoes,—obliged to insert paper between his toes to avoid wounding them,—next to the skin a pig's-skin shirt, a greasy sugar-loaf hat on his head; passing a night in a tree; owing his life to a charming girl; swimming across rivers; always on the point of being arrested; recognized but never betrayed; taken for a thief on arriving at a port: all this sounds romantic enough. But what if he related the whole story? Maternal grandson of Henry IV, educated at the Court of France, wearing flesh-coloured ribbons, sighing over the tall mademoiselle (Mademoiselle de Montpensier) whose heart as well as eyes looked down upon him; then fleeing from Paris during

the troubles of the Fronde; pursued by his creditors; son of the beheaded tyrant; a prince without a kingdom; trying to recover his crown; vanquished, tracked, turned loose in Paris, idle, debauched, forced to retire to Flanders (for Cromwell put a stop to French hospitality), then to Cologne: at one moment in the pay of Spain, necessitous, begging, making profession of faith to Catholics as well as to Protestants, unable even to maintain decently his mistress, Lucy Waters, behold the erstwhile lover of the sprightly Duchess de Chatillon. Royal if you like, but suspiciously like a needy foreign adventurer.

Charles II was called by Rochester, one of his courtiers, "the old buck." In 1660 he is a buck still young but experienced. He has a fine figure, brown, almost swarthy, complexion, curling black hair, the man of the world looking his best, but lines are forming around his mouth, indicating that he has suffered and known a hazardous life. Pepys contemplates him, knowing in what a sad plight the monarch and his court were eight days before. The clothes of the best of them were not worth forty shillings, and when the English emissary brings £30,000, Charles calls his brother,

the Duke of York, and his sister, the Princess of Orange, to show them this treasure before it is taken out of the portmanteau. Behold him, then, the Lord's Anointed, covered with tribulations, who wanted to die in Ireland because he was ashamed to live elsewhere, whom the nation has just rigged out from top to toe, who has just embraced My Lord with such affection. Pepys is imbued with Stuart ardour and the tears start to his eyes.

At Dover, Monk the restorer welcomes the restored. He is surrounded by a swarm of caracoling gentlemen, with waving plumes and vernal green scarves; he did not have soldiers like these on quitting England. "These vine-shoots and butterflies do not come out when it freezes." Accolades, rejoicings, bonfires, tears of joy. "If I stayed abroad such a long time, the fault was entirely my own," says the King, "as everyone so ardently desired my return." A magnificent Bible is presented to him, which, like a good disciple, he accepts, saying it is the thing that he loves above all things in the world. The same festivities mark his progress from Dover to London; the army lines the streets, Royalists

CHARLES II

From a Picture by John Greenhill in the National Portrait Gallery

are besides themselves with enthusiasm, and Cromwellians correspondingly gloomy—like the veterans of 1815—but their cause is lost. Lambert has tried to rehabilitate the military power but has just been checked, breathing, as Guizot mournfully says, the last martial sigh of the Republic.

Among the servants to be rewarded Monk comes first, which is only fair; the King gives him the Garter and loads him with honours. The fat little man salutes; his wife, his old laundress whom he married at last, is profuse with compliments and declares that she has not forgotten her old profession and will look after the royal linen; she opens both hands for largesse and levies contributions on the purveyors who seek to recover the patronage of Whitehall. Montagu does not get a similar aureole and lacks the treasure of a wife like this. Nevertheless, as a discreet servant, he is handsomely requited: the Garter and later the Wardrobe.

Pepys describes the ceremony of conferring the Order, and is quite puffed out with sympathetic pride. Clad in a fine coat and wearing wide canions, he keeps close to My Lord and receives his share of the gratuity which the gracious

sovereign and his brother distribute among the fleet. There is a rumour in London that he is going to be knighted like other officials. "Patience!" says his patron. "We will rise together. Meanwhile let us rejoice." And with a zither, two candlesticks for cymbals, the new knight of the Order and his secretary make "barber's music."[1]

[1] An old custom: the person waiting to be shaved plays on the "ghittern" till his turn arrives. As the Garter had not been bestowed for a considerable time, the King's action "was particularly pleasing to the men and their wives."—Clarendon, *Memoirs*, I, 393.

CHAPTER V

THE CLERK OF THE ACTS

On arriving at London, Pepys kisses a pretty woman, the first he has seen for a long time. The lady in question is not Elizabeth, whom he rejoins at her father's house and takes out for a walk. Home he comes, excellent man, but this is not the season for billing and cooing. We have other business to attend to.

My Lord has obtained for his secretary the promise of a place—Clerk of the Acts. But Monk also has his candidate. During the dispute between the Admiral and the General, Pepys is consumed with anxiety and neglects to watch the progress of affairs. Eventually his candidature is successful. He breathes a sigh of satisfaction, and as a properly constituted official shows off his future dignity before his old patron, Downing. A stingy fellow, this Downing. How did he manage to put up with such a man?

These are bold words, for the next day he learns that a certain Barlow was appointed Clerk of the Acts in 1638; that Barlow is still alive and claims the post. This is the worst of revolutions. The phantoms are wont to reappear and claim to be reinstalled in their old seats to manipulate men and papers as of yore. Pepys falls into despair, but My Lord sticks to his guns. "You will have your place against all comers." Moreover, Barlow is a sick man and cannot live long. Fortified by his master and having donned his black camlet coat with silver buttons, Pepys sallies forth to take out his patent. He stumbles against ancestral formalities and is obliged to appease a surly registrar with a gift of money. At length the patent is sealed. He returns to show it to his wife, who is transported with delight; then they go together to visit the apartments destined for them at the Navy Office in Seething Lane, "where I found the worst very good." In the evening, with certificate in pocket, Pepys listens to the music at the next house; the King and the Duke are there with Madame Palmer.

Barlow had said that he would put a stop to the business. On acquaintance he proves to be of an

accommodating disposition. Old and consumptive, he renounces his claim in return for compensation. The pact is signed and the two dine together. Pepys's salary is curtailed but his mind is at rest. Punctually Pepys paid an annuity to his sleeping partner, but the more he gained the more he had to pay. This spoiled his financial joys and he must sometimes have had black looks for the wreck who was burdening his budget, this species of poor relative who had fallen so unexpectedly to his charge. Happily, at the end of five years Barlow had the good sense to die. "For which God knows my heart," writes Pepys then, "I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger by whose death he gets £100 per annum."

Clerk of the Acts is a fine appellation which suggests something pompous and mysterious. What Acts? That we do not know, and our respect is based on our ignorance. We may admire governments which ennoble a function by giving it an oracular title. But Pepys is too transparent to leave us in any doubt concerning the duties entrusted to him: keeping the register of the Navy Office, checking, and settling accounts,

replying to orders, letters from the Council and from the Lord High Admiral (the Duke of York); keeping the accounts of the Navy up to date and knowing the duties of the subordinate officers. A mere secretary, you say? Not at all. He is one of the chief officials of the Navy Board, co-equal with the commissioners, and he has to maintain himself on the footing of equality unless he is to be thought a fool. One would think that here is more than sufficient for one man to do, especially as the Navy is in a sorry state, but fortune is pleased to bestow on Pepys, one after another, various dignities and dissimilar employments: the lucky accidents of a Restoration. Will his back be strong enough to bear the burden and his arms long enough to gather the harvest? He has already been made Master of Arts by proxy, which flatters him but moderately. One day My Lord has the disposal of a post at the Privy Seal, and has a mind to confer it on his secretary. Profits are little or nothing, says Pepys, but all's fish that comes to the net. He acts wisely, for many letters have to be despatched when a monarch, such as Charles II, finds his way back to his palace. It behoves him to reward good

servants, to grant an amnesty to bad servants, in short, to re-create a popularity. Now the Clerk is paid by piece-work: the more the King gives and the more he pardons, the greater the profits of the Clerk. The Privy Seal turns out to be a stroke of luck. In September Pepys has a new title, this time an honorary one. He is installed Justice of the Peace for Middlesex, Essex and Kent.

All this does not turn his head: he admits that he does not know a word of what is expected of him, and that he has never been so ignorant of public business. "With this honour I did find myself mightily pleased, though I am wholly ignorant in the duty of a justice of the peace." He does not impose upon us nor pose as the right man in the right place: in 1662 this old student of Magdalen College, this supervisor of accounts, will resolve to learn the multiplication table. Better than all this he has confidence in himself, is certain he will arrive, and can always assert himself. Of the seven members of the Naval Board, four are sailors, one a soldier, one a ship-owner's relative, and one wholly ignorant of Naval affairs—Pepys. It is he who is destined to be called the Nestor of the Navy.

Thus to himself he is modest, fully aware of his incompetence but desirous of assuring his future and securing himself against a reverse of fortune: a squall has been raging for thirty years. But to others he is proud and studiously careful about his behaviour. A starving author, Pain Fisher, who calls himself Paganus Piscator, offers to dedicate to Pepys one of his books. "It will bear your arms." The arms of Pepys. An act of spontaneous generation is necessary to create them. Fisher is received most cordially, but when the time comes for making a return, Pepys lends half a piece, instead of the piece that is requested; he is half a *Mæcenas*, but a *Mæcenas* all the same. But this pleasure is by the way. What really matters is to demonstrate in a peremptory fashion to everybody, citizens, shopkeepers, employés, that this young gentleman in a comfortable suit of velvet, who is hurrying to Whitehall or the Tower, is not an ordinary person, is not merely the son of Mr. Pepys the tailor, but is Mr. Samuel Pepys, faithful subject of King Charles II, right-hand man of My Lord the Admiral Montagu, Master of Arts, Justice of the Peace, Clerk of the Acts and of the Privy Seal. Let nothing be neglected

to achieve this end: build a gallery at church, as it is not meet that our servants should sit so equal with us. We must dress sumptuously, not in the misfits of our worthy father the tailor, but in new clothes paid for with our own money. "Economize in everything except clothes," was a saying of my father's. (You were in the trade, Mr. Pepys.)

My Lord rises, and we rise with him, in glory. The seraphim must not look shabby by the side of the Deity; their clothing must be a reflection of his, a lesser order of magnificence. And Pepys, the apt apprentice, thinks: "It is not enough that I do honour to My Lord; my wife must be received at his table without embarrassment. Already she has a very pretty petticoat and fine lace, but the petticoat being of a light colour and the lace of silver, it does not make great show. The tints must be changed. In return, she will wear black spots like a lady, make herself useful, serve as an interpreter when a French servant is being engaged. We shall be deferential friends of my Lady Montagu, that brave, worthy and inoffensive lady, the comrades of the children, of Miss Jemimah, whom I knew when she was quite small,

and who was so mischievous when I was employed in the house. We must make our reappearance there, but on an altered footing." In fact, the household of Pepys is distinguished by the Montagus. Samuel enters more and more into the confidence of his master; Elizabeth is admitted to his table. "The first time My Lord did take notice of her as my wife!" exclaims the happy husband. "She is much satisfied with My Lord's discourse and respect to her."

In short, Pepys seems at this period to have been guided by the following rules of conduct: let us strive to penetrate into the arcana of politics and gain a firmer footing in the Whitehall household, but never relax our prudence. Assuredly we shall arrive, but the shocks inseparable from a too rapid elevation and the giddiness which assails one at an altitude must be avoided. Let us constantly keep in mind our position and never forget the fickleness of the times, the difficulties of life, and the necessity of order. We will not give up our lodging at Axe Yard. Good wife, put away carefully your new clothes and particularly your fine petticoat; do not let the boy contract habits of lying and stealing; do not suffer the servant to

be slovenly in her work, or I shall be obliged to chastise her.

Keep your eye on the dog lest he dirty the house, else I will shut him up in the cellar. Let my will be done; I want peace in my home. Do not despise petty windfalls and small things.

No doubt we are sometimes deceived; the other day a friend invited me to dinner; I accepted his invitation and he let me pay my share; again, Mr. Creed brought me some books from Holland, well bound and good books, which I thought he intended to give me, but I found that I had to pay him. Thus it is that we gain experience. Let us get to know the world, not judging it recklessly nor remaining wedded to our opinion; Mr. Morland has the reputation of a knave and a blackguard; he confided to me all that his treason had brought him, whence I concluded that he was not such a great fool after all. When opportunity offers, let us confer cheap favours and easy civilities.[1]

My Lord has made me a present of half a buck,

[1] Being invited as godfather at a christening, Pepys brings a cup and six silver spoons. When he discovers that, although he is godfather, his name is not to be given to the child, he keeps his cup and spoons for another occasion.—*Diary*, 29th May, 1661.

because it was a little high; I have sent it to my mother, who is touched by the attention. If we lend money, it must be at a high rate of interest, but let us spend when it is necessary. Family duty obliges me to receive into my home my sister Pall, who has a very bad character and is inclined to steal; but it will be on the footing of a servant; she will not sit at table with us. From the first day she must be put in her place. It is a responsibility, but Pall will work. The King's youngest brother, the Duke of Gloucester, has just died owing to the ignorance of the doctors; the sovereign wears mourning; we, his subjects, must likewise don mourning. In such circumstances it will not do to be niggardly. Here, wife, are fifteen pounds; buy what you need and clothe yourself like the ladies of the town. For my part I will slip black stockings over my silk stockings. As Clerk of the Acts, a cog in the machine of the government, I—and my better half too—must wear the colours of the government.[1]

[1] With this difference that the King wears purple mourning. Cf. *Diary*, 18th July; 11th, 16th, 19th, 29th August; 13th, 16th, 17th, 22nd September; 6th, 20th October; 6th, 7th, 12th, 15th, 16th November; 1st, 2nd December, 1660.

CHAPTER VI

BACCHUS AND AMNESTY SPECTACLES

With the Restoration, England seems to have lost her taste for the pure water of the Bible. As the Sovereign ascends the throne, ale and wine reappear on the tables, and Pepys imitates the Royalist drinkers with all the fervour of a neophyte. His throat demands spiced foods and full-bodied liquids, and people give him anchovies and wine, which make him dry and his nights painful.

On the 25th September, 1660, a date which might have been memorable, he first tastes tea, but this experience does not seem to be productive of consequences.[1]

He prefers the casks of the Mitre Tavern, makes a note of wines worthy to be imbibed, "a strangely

[1] Disraeli (II, 276) asks the question when tea was first introduced into England. In 1666 Lord Arlington brought it from Holland, but Disraeli has heard of a teapot belonging to Cromwell. In any case the London middle class was acquainted with it from 1660.

incomparable claret." As he grows to be a devotee he tends to exaggerate, and entries of this kind appear in his diary. "Went to bed, my head aching all night. My body out of order by last night's drinking, which is my great folly. About the middle of the night I was very ill—I think with eating and drinking too much, and so I was forced to call the maid, who pleased my wife and I in her running up and down so innocently in her smock." Nothing is omitted from the report: we have the Alpha and the Omega. Elizabeth does not scold; a drunken husband is quite in order, and does not detract in the least from her respectability, as so many others in a higher position do as much. Moreover he is the master. Nevertheless the habit might become dangerous. One day Pepys meets an old college friend, named Christmas. The latter, a deadly drinker, becomes jovial in recalling youthful memories. "Do you remember, Samuel, what a great Roundhead you used to be, what a good Cromwellian?" Pepys trembles. Is this drunken fellow going to repeat the impious words uttered on the day of the execution of the King, "the memory of the wicked shall rot"? Fortunately Christmas had left Cambridge

before this period: he does not go into details. Samuel breathes again, but what a fright he has had. To rake up old errors just at the moment when the knell of the regicides is sounding!

Charles II had granted a general amnesty except to those whom Parliament might designate, re-affirming the policy of Cromwell of leaving to others the duty and conduct of unpleasant acts, while reserving to oneself the doing of things that are popular. On the 13th October Pepys is present at Charing Cross at the first execution, that of the butcher's son and judge of Charles I, ex-Major-General Harrison. The latter is hanged, drawn, and quartered; his head and his heart are shown to the people, who give great shouts of joy. The victim has shown as much good humour as any man can do in that condition. "He said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now judged him."[1]

Pepys betrays no emotion. "Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross." On the

[1] Neal, *History of the Puritans*, 1882, IV, p. 274, adds some tragic details. Cut down alive, he attempted to rise and strike the hangman.

15th it is the turn of Carew, whose remains, by a great favour, are not exposed. Pepys enjoys the spectacle. On the 18th he is present at Newgate to witness the execution of two more regicides, but the affair is postponed till to-morrow. On the 20th he notices at Aldersgate the smoking remains of several criminals, "a sad sight." Yes, Pepys, and a bloody week. Ten hanged, drawn, and quartered. But when from the turret of your friend Viner, you distinctly see the head of Cooke and that of Harrison, does it prevent you from admiring the fair prospect of the environs of London? When later you read the trials of the ten victims, do you not confess that it gives you "a lively satisfaction"?

The execution of supernumeraries does not suffice. Parliament, full of zeal, excepts the dead from the benefit of the amnesty. The old Catholic idea of a *post mortem* trial of heretics is not displeasing to Protestants. These dead men incurred too large a measure of guilt for them to be left in peace. "The bodies of Oliver, Ireton, and Bradshaw are to be exhumed and drawn to the gallows, and there hung and buried under it." At this piece of news a spark of remembrance

flares up in the soul of Pepys; the old Cromwellian fire is not quite extinguished. "It troubled me that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonour," but recollecting himself: "though otherwise he might deserve it enough." The 30th January, the anniversary of the execution of the King, is the day appointed for the dishonour. A general fast is proclaimed and the nation does penance. In this connection we may quote the words of old Rugge, the chronicler: "This morning the carcasses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were drawn upon a sledge to Tyburn and then taken out of their coffins and in their shrouds hanged by the neck until the going down of the sun. They were then cut down, their heads taken off and their bodies buried in a grave made under the gallows. The coffin in which was the body of Cromwell was a very rich thing very full of gilded hinges and nails."

Pepys did not actually gaze upon this unspeakable scene, which was related to him by his wife.

To represent London at this time as a calm lake, bathed in the love of its Sovereign and only reflecting his image, is the invention of a romantic historian. Bubbles were forming on the surface,

indicative of the agitation in the depths below. All his life Cromwell had fought the fanatics who provoke revolutions, the tribe of controversialists, Anabaptists, General Baptists, Particular Baptists, Latter Day Saints, without counting the submerged world of *sans-culottism*.

The reprisals inflicted on the dead are the signal for an agitation on the part of the Fifth Monarchy Men. The devotees of this cult hold that Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome have not appeased the hunger for authority which torments men; what the world is waiting for is the monarchy of Christ.

The chief, Venner the cooper, invades the city at the head of his followers, who cry, "The Lord Jesus and Gideon," and hoist a standard on which is painted the Lion of Judah, a lion couchant with the inscription, "Who will arouse it?" But these ardent and simple souls do not know how to conspire. The train bands and the royal guards overpower Venner's men. Eleven are executed, including the leader. As a friend of order, Pepys is grieved to see the City in arms and the shops closed.

An execution we understand. It is carried out with due formality. But a popular revolt is quite a different thing. In the streets pedestrians are

stopped, searched, and questioned more strictly than in the worst of times. Every citizen stands on his doorstep ready to defend himself. Pepys, who has just gone out, returns home. "Though with no good courage at all but that I might not seem to be affeared, got my sword and pistol, which, however, I had no powder to charge." And all this for a handful of fanatics who would not even ask for quarter, who disturbed the lives of peaceful citizens under the pretext of preparing the advent of the King Jesus. The Scripture is a good thing, of course, but it must not be abused.[1]

Henceforth our guide must be a Royalist and Loyalist Bible which cannot be distorted to justify subversive designs.[2]

We have recovered our King and gained order. Let us keep them. Let the heads of the rebels keep company with those of Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton, at the farther end of Westminster Hall.

[1] *Diary*, 23rd September, 1660; 7th, 9th, 10th January; 5th February, 1661. Pepys was ill acquainted with the Bible. At church the reader desires of God that he would imprint his word "on the thumbs of our right hands and on the right great toes of our right feet." Pepys laughs, not having read Exodus xxix, v. 20.

[2] The Royalist Bible is not a myth. Castell had dedicated a polyglot Bible to Cromwell. On the return of Charles II, he removed the dedication pages, replacing them by others of less Republican tenor. Copies of both Republican and Loyalist Bibles were in existence.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF ANNE HYDE

Pepys has a special interest for us because he has seen what Hamilton has seen. It is not my design to pit one against the other: this would be an ungrateful business, which I doubt if I could well do. There are details in Pepys which leave us Frenchmen cold. I fear our minds cannot apprehend their proper value. The same might be said on the part of Englishmen in relation to Hamilton, a Scotsman who was so much of a Frenchman that he speaks and feels like a noble of Versailles. The most charming Court book which the seventeenth century produced, *Le Breviaire de la jeune noblesse*, cannot be profitably compared with this most astonishing *petit-bourgeois* diary which was written by a subject of Charles II. Let each remain in its place, with its contents, its style and its colouring. Together they make up a whole. Let us cull from the one and from

the other what we please. Having watched the gala, let us descend to peruse the kitchen accounts. Hamilton knows all the intrigues of the Court; he disports himself among them with freedom; he is in his element, lace, alcoves, witticisms, guitars, and audacities under the table. Pepys, who is as yet on a lower rung of the ladder, only sees the exterior. Do you remember that famous evening when the King was amusing himself with Madame Palmer? The windows are open, the light casts itself as far as the leaves of the trees, the violins are playing, and the couples passing. In the shade, near the outhouses, I surmise, Pepys lingers, his nose in the air. To climb up to these windows *à la* Romeo does not suit him. He is not constructed for such a feat. No, he will enter by the grand staircase *coram populo*. Has he not a fine coat, perhaps not so magnificent as that of Hamilton, but nevertheless a very respectable Court vestment? Does he not carry a sword like a gentleman? Meanwhile he takes notes, but he is more than the character of La Bruyère, "a professional observer"; he is a professional eavesdropper; he buttonholes people in the corridors and collects information from all sides by means

of bribes. His informants are My Lord (when his grandeur condescends); the officers of Whitehall, and above all, the doctors—that terrible race which is always cognizant of what is happening in all climates, Patin in Paris, Frazier in London.[1]

Merely doctors' bulletins, you say? Yes, but they have their price when they treat of royal persons.

Truth to tell, a conversation, a confrontation in flesh and blood, of Hamilton with Pepys would lead nowhere. The coxcomb, crafty from top to toe, non-moral, endowed with every grace of speech, would be puzzled by the artless and unaffected elocution of the little clerk. Pepys, although admiring, would be apt to moralize or, worse still, talk shop, and I would swear that the navy has never counted for anything in the preoccupations of Hamilton.

Dining one day *tête-à-tête* with his secretary, My Lord says: "The Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter (Anne Hyde) with child; he did promise her marriage and had signed

[1] Frazier owed his reputation to the delicate services he rendered to the ladies and gentlemen of the Court.

it with his blood, but by stealth hath got the paper out of her cabinet. The King would have him to marry her, but he will not. A bad business." Pepys is ready to take the thing too seriously, but My Lord turns it off with a jest. But the vows? Religion? My Lord makes nothing of these things. A few days after Pepys notices in the Whitehall chapel the wanton behaviour of the Duke of York and Madame Palmer. Would My Lord prove to be right? Poor Anne Hyde! The 24th October brings more serious news: "The Duke of York is now sorry for having shared the couch of the Chancellor's daughter who has just given birth to a boy." Then silence descends. Learn, Pepys, what is happening behind these noble walls. First of all great family scenes. Having discovered Anne's attachment and its consequence, the Chancellor has declared he would sooner see his daughter "a strumpet than a wife"; in the former case, he would drive her out, not being obliged to keep under his roof "the prostitute of the greatest prince in the world"; in the second case, he would ask that she be imprisoned and beheaded. The Chancellor has a tincture of the soul of Henry VIII. He tem-

porizes. The nobles say frankly that he is mad, not mad like King Lear, although betrayed by his child, but politically mad. Charles II, who scarcely likes him, seizes this opportunity to bestow on him a title and some hard cash. This raises the Lord Chancellor's courage, but the honest old man has enemies. Among the women are the Princess of Orange, sister of the King; the Queen Mother, who sticks at nothing when it is a question of royal blood.[1] The latter makes a special journey to England to prevent the odious marriage. Among the men are the pandars about the King and the Duke, the lesser stars of the new firmament. They are utterly unscrupulous in their imputations. There is a pleasing assembly at the Duke's; each person "amuses by the details he knows, and perhaps the details he does not know, about poor Hyde." The Earl of Arran followed her into a room one day when she said she felt unwell. "Having cut her laces to give a greater probability to the pretence of the vapours, he did his best to aid and console her." She gave Talbot a *rendezvous* in the Chancellor's private

[1] Nevertheless this foundress of convents did not despise the age so much as to remain insensible to the charms of a handsome young man.

room: not paying so much attention to the things on the table as to the business which then occupied them, they upset a bottle of ink on a four-page despatch. The King's monkey, blamed for this mishap, was in disgrace for a long time. Killigrew "found the happy moment in a certain cabinet built over water for quite other purposes than amorous attentions. His good fortune was witnessed by three or four swans." Here is information enough, but Iago-Berkeley, Captain of the Guards, goes one better. "Do not marry her," he said to the Duke, "I have had the last favours. For the love of you, I will consent to make her my wife, although I know full well the familiarities she has had with you." And York thanks these lucky witnesses. However, poor Anne is confined, although not in peace, for, in the intervals between her sharpest pains, a bishop scolds her: "Whose is the child with whom you are in labour?" This interrogatory *in articulo partus* leaves a disturbing effect. York becomes melancholy; the coxcombs suddenly wonder if they have not gone too far. There is a revulsion of feeling in favour of the wife or mistress: from Whitehall her sad story travels to the City, where

you, industrious Pepys, will pick it up, as is natural. "It is expected that the Duke will marry the Lord Chancellor's daughter at last. Sir Chas. Barkley swore that he and others had lain with her often, which all believe to be a lie." Which in fact it was. Iago-Berkeley admitted to his master that he had acted for the best, and the Duke embraces him, for he has not a Moorish soul. On her death-bed, the Princess of Orange declared that Anne was innocent. The Queen Mother in her turn makes a *volte face*, as, for diplomatic reasons, Mazarin has written to her intimating that she would be badly received in France if she quitted England at loggerheads with her son. Then Clarendon shows his hand: during the storm he has pocketed both the calumnies and the gifts. Comes the calm, and he wants to give up the seals and retire to the wilderness. Charles II appeases him, the marriage is officially announced, and Anne is received with great ceremony at Whitehall.

This conclusion does not please everybody, and everybody is Pepys. Besides, he has serious reasons for not hailing with joy the birth of the Duke's offspring. The Duke openly favours the

THE DUKE OF YORK AFTERWARDS JAMES II

From the Picture by Lely at St. James Palace

Catholics, and the King not being married, there is ground for apprehension that the throne will revert to Popery. If only the Duchess had charms, perhaps his Protestantism would shrivel up, perhaps it would dissolve in the fire darted from her eyes. Pepys the Puritan would be overcome by Pepys the libertine. But "she is only an ordinary woman who resembles her mother, my Lady Chancellor," and the cause of York is lost.

Pepys has been unusually excited by the story of Anne Hyde. He is eager to see at close quarters the world which has hatched this scandal, and prepares to effect his entrance. We are not left in ignorance about the details of this strategy: his diary—and in this consists its literary interest—reads like a novel. As an official Pepys cannot be put off in the customary way. He becomes emboldened, crosses the threshold, and is in "the presence."

"The Princess Henrietta (sister of the King) is very pretty but much below expectation, and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on and well dressed, did

seem to me much handsomer than she." A difference in æsthetic values. At a distance Mrs. Pepys seems awkward and vulgar; Henrietta all grace and vivacity. This is very much the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham, who shows himself so distracted with love for the King's "dear kitten" that the Queen Mother is obliged to beg him to moderate his transports. It is the opinion of the Court which loads the martyr's daughter with praise. It is not at all Pepys's opinion; he respects royal persons but still retains some independence of judgment. Let him have the credit of this preference for his wife.

The 8th March, 1661, is another red letter day. Pepys dines at the Tower with a select company. He sees again the Duchess of Albemarle (Mrs. Monk), the erstwhile laundress, whom the compilers of dedications make out to be a paragon of virtue and beauty. He notes: "She is ever a plain, homely dowdy. I was much contented to be received among such high company while Mr. Mount, my Lady Duchess's gentleman usher, stood waiting at table, whom I ever thought a man so much above me in all respects." Behold Pepys risen a peg higher. Some time afterwards

he is present at the toilet of the Duke of York, who is an ordinary-looking man in his night attire. On getting out of bed, this pale, fair young man, with a nose that is too long, has no regal attributes for a man who has been waited on by the usher of a duchess.

CHAPTER VIII

PROGRESS OF THE PERSONAL CODES

To be "in the presence" satisfies Pepys's curiosity and crowns his experience; it is instructive and at times profitable. But it behoves him to acquire deportment, to be at ease with his immediate neighbours, to wear coats with lapels. It is unhealthy for a beginner to live entirely at these altitudes, and Pepys reverts to his old habits. His office friends do not dissuade him: being sailors or connected with naval affairs, they do not eschew strong drinks, and the round of taverns continues. One hundred and twenty-four visits are mentioned in the diary, which shows the hand of a master. The commissioner Penn, an old Cromwellian and father of the Quaker,[1] often needs the support of Pepys's arm in order to get home: there are gay nocturnal ramblings through the streets without a torch. The sailor is cheerful in his cups, imbibes

[1] Founder of Pennsylvania.

much, and does not suffer. Pepys, with a more delicate constitution, has headaches, wakes up in a sorry state, and his friends make him drink on an empty stomach to recover. "How strange," he exclaims, "this cures me." His doctor, to whom he complained about the decay of his memory, tells him not to drink, and Pepys resolves to obey, if he can. He listens to an excellent sermon against drunkenness, but the impression is not very lasting. When he is in the country and flirts with Miss Rebecca Allen, a young person who seems anxious for his favours, he sees life from quite a different angle. He discovers dancing, the little innocent games which "permit kissing": a strangely joyous feeling comes over him. Who knows? Perhaps the world is a place of surprises. The infantile eyes of Pepys open, and the light reveals a crowd of dazzling objects which have been hidden by the Puritan sourness.

Coronation Day is indeed a day of joy. Carpets at the windows, embroidery, scaffolding, processions, gold and silver in such profusion as to make the eye tired. The King and Duke pass, nod to Pepys at the window. What joy and honour! All the wheels of the nation defile one by one: the

herald proclaims Charles legitimate King of England and challenges all opposition, and while the ancient ceremonies are enacted, Pepys follows the crowd, goes to see the bishops eat, picks up some food at My Lord's table, and regales himself to the sound of four-and-twenty violins. Returning home, he is stopped by gallants who are amusing themselves around bonfires; he must drink the King's health on his knees resting on a faggot; then the gallants one after the other drink the Clerk's health. "Strange buffoonery," the victim notes; but they were at it for a long time, and he remarks how the women get tipsy. The day finished as it was bound to finish. "Scarcely in bed but my head began turning round and I was sick; if ever I was drunk, I was this time." But what matter? Henceforth he will not put himself to any trouble to attend official functions and spectacles. He will never again see the like in the world. And, to strengthen the stomach, he takes his morning drink in chocolate.

Honest Pepys! Not without suffering, not without injury to his organs (and he celebrates each anniversary of his operation as a sacred thing) does he gain experience from his age and

century. To keep his place, the while learning what he can and rising in position, and for that to live soberly with his wife. To win experience, to taste all the good things of this life, and for that to quit the house and haunt the tavern. Which road shall he take?

Pepys reflects:

There is Mr. Creed, an ex-Puritan, who a year ago would have sooner be hanged than visit the coffee-house on Sunday. Yet he drinks with us on the 12th May (Lord's Day). Ah! God forgive me: I vow not to drink any more the whole week. I no longer think about my work, I have become the most negligent man in the world. I am no longer tidy. I am getting bad-tempered. I argue with my worthy mother, whom I thought stubborn and foolish because she would exclude my worthy father from her bed, making the excuse that he is running after a creature. I argue with my wife, who is, however, such good company as long as she's not put out, about the beauty of Mrs. Pierce, about badly tied ribbons, about blackened meat; I have almost called her strumpet. I have promised to do something for my brother-in-law, Balthazar Saint-Michel, but in my own

mind am determined to wash my hands of his affairs; I beat my boy—it is true for his good—because he plays with matches, and do not hesitate to repeat to him the sermon against drunkenness; I take my servant by the chin; I enter obscure houses which are frequented by abandoned women. Sometimes I drink so much of this little Canary wine that I dare not read prayers before going to bed, as is my habit on Sundays, lest my wife and folk should notice my condition. I sleep until the end of the sermon, which never happened to me before. I suffer remorse on account of all this. But, *per contra*, how delightful are my recent experiences! How pleasing the growth of my taste for life, my science of men, my capacity for sympathy! Is it not agreeable to gossip with the boatman who relates the luck he had when ferrying a lady across the water, or with my workmen who are such lively companions; with the little rag-picker whom I meet routing among the rubbish heaps?

Is it not charming, when gliding on the river, to take off boots and socks and dangle the feet in the water; to stride along with nose to the wind humming a song; to find a singing master at home;

to dress up in my Indian robe; to learn the *trillo* or compose a melody to fit some pretty words; in short, to have a mind receptive to all kinds of knowledge, a large and comprehensive heart, to be a liberal genius? Had I not indulged in excesses, would I experience a pleasure like that I felt in the country, sleeping alone, without my wife? It was a rainy night; I was tired; now and again a noise awakened me; I went off to sleep again. I never had such a contented feeling, such an epicurean savour of sleep. Had I shunned the tavern, should I have known that extraordinary Captain Ferrer, who, for a wager, leapt out of the window (the greatest and most desperate frolic I ever saw), just failing to break his neck, and who fences so prettily?[1]

Should I have uttered that profound remark that in the coffee-house men who are at other times wise, under the influence of drink, twit and reproach each other about their former conditions, and their conduct of public business? And taking all in all, is my life more reprehensible than that of the Court, where only drunkenness and illicit

[1] Cf. *Diary*, 19th May, 7th December, 1661, 12th September, 1662: a Stevensonian personage, this Capt. Ferrer.

amours are to be seen, and where one must play the knave and dissimulate in order to exist?

So far as appearances go, there is nothing to find fault with: the behaviour of my family and myself is more than correct. A barber trims me carefully; I have discovered that long hair suits me and am getting curious on this point. A painter paints my portrait—it was time it was done—afterwards he will paint that of my wife, whose teeth have just been restored, which improves her appearance. She will be seen holding her little black dog in her lap. After this, will anyone deny that I am in the latest fashion? My uncle has just died. I arrived just when the body commenced to smell and was placed in the hall. My aunt was in bed in a very miserable state, which made me feel ill to see, but I was eager to read the will. Nobody knew anything about this; my family appeared in deep mourning and it was thought that my father had provided our clothes, which brought him much credit. When I travel, it happens that I sleep in the room that was occupied by the Queen Mother on the eve of her departure for France. Hashed pullet appears on my table at home, and I am really glad

SAMUEL PEPYS

From the Painting at the Admiralty, Whitehall

that my position allows me to eat dishes of this kind. I have progressed a long way in the confidence of My Lord: I alone am initiated into the whole mystery of the Wardrobe. In fine, people respect me, and now I know how to receive with a suitable demeanour their marks of deference. Does all this count for nothing?

CHAPTER IX

PEPYSIAN ÆSTHETICS

Grammont, who lived in London in the time of Cromwell, only carried back to France the legend of the talents of a scoundrel and the admiration of some hidden beauties whom he would not allow to be brought to light. The nation eschewed amusement at this period. In 1642, the theatres were closed, and the actors pelted to the cry of "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently."

The rude manners of those times put a stop to painting the face by candlelight, bedecking wretchedness with ribbons, stuffing our weedy figures, and overset the great vat of ale in which a great thirst could be quenched. No longer will the butcher in the audience bellow like the bull he flays; no longer will a braggart's head be cracked with a stool; and no longer shall the spectators sit up to their knees in nutshells. Every

public entertainer was hunted and every instrument of gaiety broken. Tedium, albeit pure tedium, reigned. "The muses were buried under the ruins of the monarchy."

The King restored, the right to pleasure recaptured, the nation "enjoying the advantages of a natural government," what plays could be staged? Seated in front of the curtain, gasping for the theatre, but having no new plays, the English were obliged to fall back on the old repertory and revive the glories of former times, not glories of the first rank, but those of a secondary order. Two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one by Shakespeare or Ben Jonson. This is significant: the long-deprived public preferred intrigues to lyrical beauties. What it wanted was the Spanish drama and comedy, the cloak, the sword, and languishing amours. Consequently, the old rubbish is furbished up until something better comes along. On his return from Holland, the first play which Pepys witnesses is *The Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. A happy revival; the topic is adapted to existing circumstances. An old general, disgraced and imprisoned by his master, accepts it all without protest, and

even wants to kill his son who is inclined to find fault. The scene is supposed to be laid in a vague Russian province, the enemy being the Tartars; the transportation is easy enough. But Pepys does not mention a word of this; what he notes is that after the play, thanks to the prodigious Captain Ferrers, he was drunk in the company of Kinaston, the actor who plays the principal female part, and who made the most charming lady in the world. The 18th August, 1660, is an important date. The theatre has seized hold of Pepys and henceforth is a part of his existence. His liberal genius is constantly preoccupied with this subject. He looks upon every play as an opportunity for the historian. Always on the alert, he criticizes and transcribes his impressions. When Killigrew's new theatre is opened, he hastens thither. No actor escapes his observation, and no performance lacks his presence.

Here is an event of collateral importance. On the 3rd January, 1661, Pepys sees women on the stage. French actresses had dared to appear in London in 1639, but their reception was such that the experiment was not repeated, at least in public. Consequently, adolescents with treble voices con-

LA BELLE HAMILTON

AFTERWARDS COUNTESS DE GRAMMONT

Painted by Sir Peter Lely

tinued to enact the rôles of heroines, exchanging the broad quips of which the natural theatre was so profuse. As they grew older, they became men again. The appearance of English women on the stage does not scandalize Pepys; he notes the fact quite casually, without committing himself. Later on we learn that such and such a play is spoilt by women who are too melancholy in their part, but how the antique *Scornful Lady* is improved by their presence! It can readily be imagined that an orgy between Venus and Bacchus gains when played by persons of different sexes. Decidedly a better performance than that of the Kinaston *females*, who are getting tiresome in their vanity and pride. On the other hand, women have delightful surprises in store. "A woman acted Parthenia and comes afterwards on the stage in men's clothes and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it." Only a short time before the King had asked: "Why does not the play commence?" only to be told: "Because the Queen has not finished shaving." Now a woman plays the man and the leg obtrudes itself.

In the end Pepys is troubled by these splendid innovations; he feels that he goes to the theatre

too often and most often alone: a subtle conspiracy on the part of wine and the theatre are undermining his existence and distracting him from his work. *Twelfth Night* is played at the Opera, the King being present: "Against my own mind and resolution could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burden to me, and I took no pleasure at all in it; and so after it was done went home with my mind troubled for my going there after swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her." Remorse follows; and with it a return to Puritanism. He makes a vow to abstain from wine and the theatre, buys a tin box to hold the fines which he will levy on himself, the poor man, every time that his passion gets the better of him.

One day his Mephistopheles, Captain Ferrer, takes him to a dancing school; he sees a bevy of blooming maidens. We wait for an expression of gratification, but instead: "I do not myself like to have young girls exposed to so much vanity." We must give due credit to Pepys for making these efforts to resist; his ardent temperament runs away with him, and he has great difficulty in taming his passions. How delightful, after

eating to repletion of good meat, while other people are observing Lent, to go to the pit to witness a play "admirably acted"! Doubtless it costs money, but we must be heedful of the precept to uphold one's dignity. One day Pepys is seen in the eighteenpenny seats by clerks in the office who are in the half-crown boxes, and this spoils his evening.

The stage itself is fascinating, but there are other things besides: the house, the women, the beauties, and for the beauties Pepys has more than tenderness. "I sat behind in a dark place; a lady spit backward upon me by mistake, not seeing me, but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at all about it." In truth, the star of Pepys is out of the ordinary. He is perhaps the only man to whom the omnipotence of beauty has been revealed by expectoration. We have already observed in him a certain taste for propriety, for the manner of serving: he could not enjoy a meal served by a slut, but experienced exquisite pleasure in preserves offered by a pretty hand. Now his education is receiving the finishing touches; he studies features, distinguishes and compares them, gradually elaborat-

ing a canon of beauty of which he will subsequently give us the formula. A badly acted comedy would formerly have distressed him; now his delight is great to see so many eminent beauties in the house, above all, Madame Palmer, with whom the King shows "a good deal of familiarity." On another occasion he gluts his eyes with Madame Palmer. The idea that he is going into the presence of a beautiful woman plunges him into a state bordering on intoxication—probably he dresses for the part; if he is deceived in his hopes, the result is a bad temper for the whole day.

When one reads the plays which he witnessed up till this time, and endeavours by straining one's sympathy to imagine what was his mental condition, one is forced to conclude that this school of drama administers too severe a shock to the nerves, is too ardent and sanguinary, makes excessive use of fornication and terror, and is certainly not adapted to soothe a man of refined instincts. A young girl who receives advice on the way to make herself pleasant in bed; intrigues which are prosecuted in little closets; timid youngsters who might be thought to be merely candid until one discovers that they are brazen; junket-

ings and rumpled petticoats, and at the same time rapes, murders, tortured women, the whole being interspersed with lyrical outbursts and gallant verses—is this the right fare for a *petit bourgeois* who has a natural inclination towards brutality and desires to complete his education? Be that as it may, these are the impressions which are made on Pepys's mind. Three corpses on the stage doubtless seem to him a too melancholy ending, but the sombre, pre-Stendhalian drama of Webster, *Vittoria Corombona*, is a poor play. Philaster, the hero of Beaumont, that smaller type of Hamlet, disappoints him. As to Shakespeare, he is more summary still: *Romeo and Juliet* is the worst play he had ever seen. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* "the most insipid ridiculous play that I ever saw in my life."[1]

His diary at this time contains a typical example of his robust nerves, I had almost said his obtuseness, an example which would I think apply to the majority of his contemporaries. We are at the Salisbury Court Theatre and this is the subject of the play: a brother is his sister's lover; she

[1] *Diary*, 16th May, 1st October, 1661; 1st March, 29th September, 1662.

becomes pregnant and is married to a nobleman who discovers her misfortune; he is enraged, and demands to know the name of his predecessor. A servant reveals the secret. The brother kills his sister, kills the husband, is himself killed by the husband's squire; the servant is gagged, her eyes are plucked out, and she is condemned to be burnt. Add to this that the husband has recently debauched a woman; that this woman tries to poison him, but poisons herself instead.

This play of old Ford's, the solitary Ford of whom we know practically nothing but who is pictured to us with a morose face covered by a melancholy hat, this play is entitled *'Tis pity she's a Whore*. The most intellectually unbalanced of our romanticists who aimed at writing a drama of the greatest enormity would never dare to choose such a theme as this. Ford alone, nursing his spleen, created a magnificent work which after the lapse of nearly three hundred years cannot be read without arousing feelings of horror. And now listen to our man: "A simple play and ill acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady." Ford has given us the neurology of Pepys.

CHAPTER X

SETTLING ACCOUNTS WITH THE REGICIDES

Real horrors no more than artificial horrors unnerve him. Follow him to Aldgate. There the rest of the regicides, treacherously arrested in Holland by that knave Downing, are quartered. He does not wince. "They all die defending what they did to the King to be just, which is very strange." The execution at Tower Hill of Sir Henry Vane must have been a severe test for Pepys. Vane had not been a sectary, and during the civil war was in hiding. He was a restless spirit who chased Virtue and Goodness, and, not finding them, remained in a state of indecision. He was called the Seeker. Withal he believed himself entrusted with a mission from Providence; he prostrated himself before the Creator, but refused homage to the secular powers.

On the whole an ebullient character and a tactless idealist. On the scaffold he draws forth

a paper, begins a speech—a fairly long one, if we are to credit Pepys. But this politico-religious oration displeases the Sheriff; the trumpets sound and drown his voice. Unhappy Sir Henry Vane, victim of reactions, dealt with as a victim of revolutions.

Courage was not one of your strong points, and yet you finish up as a gentleman; your face does not pale, your voice does not quiver. When the trumpets blare out, you say: "It is a bad cause that cannot tolerate the words of a dying man."[1]

A virtuous man, but an orator to be feared in the midst of a people whose ardour is not yet quenched. It is on his account that the King, who is averse from shedding blood, writes to his Chancellor: "He is too dangerous a man to let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way."

Pepys is almost on the point of admiring him. In dying, Vane "showed more of heat than cowardice but yet with all humility and gravity." The officers at the Tower even admit that his bearing

[1] Cf. Neal, IV, 324. This "new and indecent practice" of preventing condemned persons from publicly declaring their faith was inaugurated in honour of Vane. The trumpets of Tower Hill will find their echo in the drums of Santerre.

EDWARD MONTAGUE, EARL OF SANDWICH

From the Original of Sir Peter Lely

was something marvellous, and that never had a condemned man died so bravely. This gives rise to reflection. Pepys abstains from wine and the theatre.

Just at this time Parliament passes the Act of Uniformity, which imposes on clergymen of all ranks the obligation to swear fidelity and submission to the official Anglican Church, to the Prayer Book, under penalty of losing their livings. The period for conforming to the Act expires on St. Bartholomew's Day. Will the fanatics accept it? Pepys encounters one of their partisans and is obliged to listen to this harangue. "He do pity my Lord Sandwich and me that we should be given up to the wickedness of the world and that a fall is coming upon us all; for he finds that he and his company are the true spirit of the nation; who will have liberty of conscience in spite of this 'Act of Uniformity,' or they will die. He told me that certainly Sir Henry Vane must be gone to heaven, for he died as much a martyr and saint as ever man did, and that the King will lose more by that man's death than he will get again a good while." A serious warning; is the time approaching when the Sanhedrin and the priests will again

subjugate the nation and justify their thefts by inspiration? Pepys does not know what to think; his conscience sorely troubles him. The Puritans are virtuous and the bishops who replace them cut a shabby figure morally.

The bishops were the first to scramble for the booty, while Royalists in distress humbly solicited a place in an almshouse. The clergy glutted their appetites and bore themselves haughtily in their recovered opulence; they were not loved by the people upon whom they had no influence. Will they fail to act as a steadying influence upon the spirit of rebellion, or that sectarian spirit which operates as a dissolvent? Will these proud bishops ruin the restored edifice?

For order is necessary not only in the streets but in ideas: order is the essence of the good and the beautiful.[1] The death of Vane, the disinterment of the corpses of famous Puritans, displaced so as not to contaminate Royalist skeletons; the insolence of the bishops—all this might loosen the forces of anarchy. And then where would be position, salary, wine, the theatre, the beauties?

[1] Order and uniformity in every sense of the term. To Pepys a fine library is one in which all the books are bound in identical bindings.

Pepys is present at the last sermon of a clergyman who has refused to swear, a Nonconformist.

The church is packed, but everything passes off well: a very good sermon and few reflections upon events. My Lord is not disturbed: "Religion will not so soon cause us another war."

In fact, two thousand clergymen were thrown on the streets. How did Pepys regard these men who were the teachers of his youth, whom he had learned to respect? In his review of events at the year's end, which he is as careful to compile as he is to make up the month-end review, he remarks that the bishops are "pressing uniformity" without any diffidence, that the sectaries are almost silent, perhaps waiting for better times. On the whole, there is no call for apprehension. The nation is tired, Puritanism is a lost cause if the situation is tactfully handled. The manes of Charles I are appeased. Life beckons smiling, elegant and splendid. Let us dance on the ashes of the regicides.

CHAPTER XI

SAMUEL'S LADY

THE King decided to marry, not a daughter of France, which would have offended the nation (we do naturally hate the French[1]), not a German woman (they are all stupid), but a Portuguese. The Princess Catherine of Braganza would bring a dowry of £500,000, which was not to be despised in view of the state of the Exchequer, and, in addition, Tangier and Bombay. My Lord Sandwich departed to fetch her, but did not return at once. He found the Portuguese ministers in a state of pecuniary embarrassment. He was obliged to negotiate, and had to content himself with a little money, sugar, spices, and bills of exchange. At length the new Queen embarked: she suffered severely from seasickness and turned as yellow as the guineas of her dowry. She was a dumpy woman, devoid of grace, with irregular

[1] *Diary*, 30th September, 1661.

teeth which spoiled the mouth. Charles II writes: "She has not anything in her face that in the least degree can shock one." A threadbare compliment. He is little disposed to gallantry and matters would have passed off in a very drowsy fashion if, fortunately and for the honour of the nation, "the Cardinal had not shut the door in his face."

Hitherto Catherine had lived in strict seclusion: a poor little woman of twenty-four years who had never seen a man (except the King of Portugal, who is almost idiotic); without breeding and only knowing her prayer book, in which she was fond of putting images. Her retinue is not calculated to raise her prestige, and the courtiers are highly amused by the appearance of the lady of the bedchamber, of the six monsters styled maids of honour, and of the duenna who chaperons these rare beauties. The men are of similar type; there is a certain Pedro Francisco Corres de Silva, who is very handsome, and chaplains, bakers, and lastly an officer, apparently without duties, who calls himself the Infanta's barber. This barber puzzles people and it is doubtless his presence that gives rise to a curious legend about the quasi-Mohammedan customs of the Portuguese.

Pepys, of course, is well to the fore: "They are not handsome and their farthingales a strange dress. They have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country." Here Pepys is mistaken.

The maids of honour have not imitated the chastity of their mistress nor waited to set foot on English soil to throw off restraint: one of them a month later "dropped a child" at Hampton Court.

The King married is a problem for the courtiers and for Pepys. The former say: "The Queen is a bat, not a woman," but Pepys is more tolerant, although a Catholic is in question: "Though she be not very charming yet she hath a good, modest and innocent look." Will this be sufficient to vanquish Lady Castlemaine? This is a serious question, upon which Pepys ponders long and often. This aspect of him is of special interest. We have already made the acquaintance of Madame Barbara Palmer, "a pretty woman whose husband they have a mind to make a cuckold of." The idea became a reality. Roger Palmer, an ex-law student and exceedingly rich,

BARBARA

DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND

(THE COUNTESS OF CASTLEMAINE)

Painted by Sir Peter Lely

was ennobled according to custom. More accommodating than Monsieur de Montespan, who about this time causes so much trouble to Louis XIV and to Colbert, the new Earl of Castlemaine is rarely seen at Court and is a most indulgent husband.[1]

It goes without saying that the favourite is a Royalist: her father, a Grandison, died for his master. She is tall and dark, her nose is a trifle *retroussé*, she has vermilion lips, and a noble and easy carriage; but as we are precluded from making her acquaintance in the flesh, we can consult Lely, the painter of beauties, who, like his French colleagues, is at pains to pose his ladies to the best advantage, skilfully arranging the dress and *coiffure*. Clad in flowering draperies, the Countess toys with her hair; her almond-shaped eyes do not gleam with intelligence but with a fire more decidedly earthly; the lips are finely moulded and full of promise. Her nose has an obstinate shape but retains a hint of nobility; the accentuated nostrils denote the *flair* of the

[1] See, however, a despatch from Comminges, dated the 9th May, 1665: "The Earl of Castlemaine arrived yesterday, having found his family increased by two fine children, and somewhat damped the rejoicings."

courtesan. Lastly there is that indescribable smile which sets the face awry and unsymmetrical, and something provocative about her attitude which will not allow anyone to remain indifferent. If such are one's feelings before a square of painted canvas, what must have been the emotions of the ardent Samuel before the living reality?

Nothing is concealed from us; Lady Castlemaine is his first, his great love. From one end of the Diary to the other she is in evidence, sometimes exalted, sometimes degraded to the level of worthless creatures. He both loves and detests her, reproaches her, weeps at her conduct, is apprehensive at her confinements and about her future, would like her to be virtuous, yet trembles to see her supplanted by a rival, and never, never says a word to her. It is love secret and tenacious, even greedy. He must gaze at her ("I glutted myself"); when he loses sight of her he is ill at ease; she is a form of nourishment indispensable to him.

In the Diary there is an altar always ready for a sacrifice in honour of her beauty, a pulpit in which to preach a sermon against her wantonness. He knows her vices, is angry with himself for

loving her, but loves her passionately. Less fortunate than the poet, Pepys does not even receive a kiss from his divinity in his dreams.

Our glimpses of Pepys at the theatre have already given us an idea as to how this love was born and progressed at a distance. Among the beauties Lady Castlemaine shines with a special lustre; moreover, she is the acknowledged mistress of Charles II, and Samuel had become too faithful a subject not to share his master's tastes. When the Queen arrives, My Lady fears that the favourite will no longer hold the King; Pepys fears that she will not retain him; he trembles at the prospect "because he loves her so well." Sarah, the confidential servant of Earl Sandwich, with whom Pepys is on the best of terms, informs him that the King has not quitted his mistress for a week; that on the evening that bonfires were lit in honour of the Queen, he supped with the Countess; they sent for a pair of scales and weighed each other; being pregnant, she weighed the heavier. But she is now become an unhappy creature who scarcely goes out, and people slight her if she appears at the theatre. Pepys is distressed. However, in the private garden of Whitehall he

sees the smocks and linen petticoats of the Countess, so fine, delicate, and richly embroidered that "it did me good to look on them."

"Did her silk's rustling move you,"[1] Pepys? Alas, the Queen is an amiable and prudent person; the King, he is assured, delights in her company, and "this might well put Lady Castlemaine's nose out of joint."

So far the rivals have not met: the ingenuous Queen and the calculating mistress. As to Charles II, all he wants is a free and happy life, without being tied to a woman's petticoats. His courtiers undertake to introduce his mistress at Court; they give him to read, *The Love Affairs of King Henry IV*, his grandfather, a book printed in Paris, in accordance with the licence of French manners. He follows the splendid example: Lady Castlemaine's name is added to the list of the Queen's maids of honour. The Queen goes into hysterics. She had already swooned on learning who this lady was, never dreaming that she would find the King with an attachment. Clarendon interposes very sweetly and tries to make a joke of it. "Is the King a man of such innocent temperament as

[1] Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass.*

to have preserved himself for a person he did not know? Are the Portuguese so chaste?" This causes a fresh attack: the simple princess wants to return to her mother. The King grows impatient, and Clarendon, who up till now had posed as an honest man, perceives it is dangerous to cross an amorous prince. The coxcombs organize entertainments to which the Portuguese is not invited. She is constrained to give in; vanquished and deceived the legitimate spouse welcomes the mistress and bestows on her attentions that are considered excessive and that the King feels diminish the respect he has for his wife. A splendid result: the little nun is set aside and the Countess is triumphant. Her triumph is shared by Pepys, her unknown lover, who was always sure that the King would not abandon her, "because he loves her so well." Brave Samuel, he judges by his own feelings.[1]

[1] *Diary*, 31st May, 18th June, 16th, 26th July, 1662. Clarendon, II, 418–457. Law, *Hist. of Hampton Court.*

CHAPTER XII

ELEGANT TRIFLES

On the 23rd April, 1662, the Queen makes her entry into London, coming from Hampton Court.

The royal vessel is surrounded by barges so numerous that the water cannot be seen. Lady Castlemaine is there, leaning upon a cannon at Whitehall, and, wonderful to relate, accompanied by her husband. Pepys watches: "They were walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another, but both of them now and then would take their child which the nurse held in her arms and dandle it. One thing more; there happened a scaffold below to fall and were feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that re-

ceived some little hurt, which methought was so noble. And by and by she being in her hair she put on her hat which was but an ordinary one to keep the wind off. But methinks it became her mightily, as everything else do." Simple, noble, compassionate, she is all that and even more; although a Protestant she accompanies the Queen to chapel.

Upon any other person Pepys would have frowned, but this official tolerance, required from a lady of the Bedchamber, enraptures him. "But strange it is how for her beauty I am willing to construe all this to the best and to pity her wherein it is to her hurt, though I know well enough she is a whore." At Lely's studio he sees Lady Castlemaine's portrait and exclaims: "A most blessed picture!" However, the favourite becomes pregnant, the news being brought by the royal surgeon, Pierce: the child will be the King's, but as the husband is in London and sometimes sees his wife, the child will be laid to his account. Charles II is completely ensnared by his mistress, whose eyes plunge him into a strange state, so that he follows her as the cock follows the sunbeam. She it is who runs the Court, with the

assistance of gallant procurers, and that arbiter of good taste, the Chevalier de Grammont. Once every two days there is a ball and a comedy as well; other days are passed at play, sometimes in the Queen's apartments, sometimes in those of Lady Castlemaine, where there is no lack of company and good cheer. Pepys is present at one of these balls: the room is crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. They dance the Bransle and then a single Coranto, then country dances, to the air of *Cuckolds all awry*. Among those present is the young Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of the King. This Adonis, although educated at the Port Royal of France as the son of a private gentleman under the name of Charlot, has learnt other things than rudimentary science; he has brought back with him a French dancing-master; he excels in the minuet, delights in the same things as his father, and is the universal terror of husbands and lovers. The favourite prudently attaches herself to him, and her caresses increase in ardour every day, public caresses which are remarked by Pepys. But the father knows the lady and her vivacities, withdraws his son from the neighbourhood of this pretended mother-in-law, and

marries him to a little lady (a Scottish heiress) who is less dangerous than the ardent Barbara.

It is with a feeling of infinite satisfaction that Pepys gazes on these great personages stepping in time to the music.

Charles II, who has lived in France, complains that in London nobody understands how to carry through a masquerade. To please him, the Queen arranges for quadrilles to be performed privately in her room by her grand almoner and two of her chaplains. Grammont, on his part, is at pains to assist those Anglo-Saxons who desire to be in the fashion but whose traditional stiffness makes them uncomfortable. He is ever ready with some delightful invention and is expert at preparing surprises by some trick of magnificence and gallantry: vocal and instrumental concerts, fireworks, interludes.

His valet brings all these things from France with his clothes and presents—quite an equipment of elegant trifles and little articles for the commerce of love. Did the nobleman succeed in airing the Court of England and giving it a French tone? Decidedly, answers his biographer, Hamilton. Without any doubt, Pepys would repeat if

a foreigner were not in question. But whatever effort Grammont makes, London stays behind Paris: the taste, the propriety of manners, that harmonious entity which the Court of Louis XIV has already become, cannot be improvised overnight. Time and effort are necessary to refine these barbarians, for there is something barbaric about them.

Four young gentlemen of the best families amuse themselves by assaulting and robbing a harmless tanner in the street. At the house of the Earl of Oxford blows and insults are exchanged, and the soldiers are called in. Monk, the sturdy soldier, offers an enormous goblet to the coxcombs; some of them swallow the contents and fall down dead drunk, "remaining in this posture until morning without conversing although in the same room." The General is the only person who keeps a clear head and is able to go to Parliament as usual. On another occasion there is a public scandal: Sedley, the witty poet whom Charles II calls "Apollyon's viceroy," invents, with two friends, a novel mode of diversion. Posted on the balcony of the Cock Tavern, they shout the claptrap of cheap jacks with clerical

gestures. "We have to sell such a powder as should make all the women in town run after us."[1]

They drink healths, including the King's, and chaff bystanders. In conclusion, Sedley is guilty of impropriety. The crowd becomes incensed and throws stones. The severe reprimand addressed to them by the Judge leaves them unmoved. As regards the women, one example will suffice. In the midst of a ball, one of the so-called maids of honour, an Englishwoman this time, drops a child in dancing. It is picked up in a handkerchief. In the morning all the damsels are in their place: who was the victim of this little misfortune? Is it, as Pepys thinks, Mrs. Wells, a well-built girl with the face of a dreamy sheep, a Royalist and mistress of the King? Is it, as Hamilton, who was doubtless better informed, avers, the brunette Warmestre, who has neither figure nor deportment but redeems these defects by eyes full of ardour and provocative glances? What is certain is that a week later the King had the child brought into

[1] *Hamilton. Diary*, 22nd February, 1662, 15th May, 1st July, 1663. Walpole compared the epoch of Charles II with that of Aristophanes "when grossness was dignified with the name of politeness." Cf. Rochester retailing drugs for pale complexions, remedies to cure poor girls "of all ills and of all accidents which might befall them."

his cabinet and amused himself by dissecting it, saying that, in his opinion, it must have been a month and three hours old and that whatever others think, he hath the greatest loss, it being a boy, as he hath lost a subject by the business.

This is the world over which the divinity of Pepys presides. A reign which on the surface is unchallenged, but which threatens to be troubled, not by a revolt of the Queen, who is too busy learning English and in trying to have an heir, but by the success of one of her maids of honour whom the Duchess of Orleans had recommended to her brother: the prettiest girl in the world and most suitable to ornament a court. Frances Stuart has charm, dances well, speaks French better than her mother tongue, and has a childlike sense of humour which makes everybody laugh. The King is enamoured, and, plucking up courage, one day threatens the favourite that he will not enter her apartments unless he finds Mrs. Stuart there. The lady understands and takes the young girl under her wing. One night by way of a joke she decides to marry her; the mock marriage takes place with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribands

and a sack of posset in bed and flinging the stocking; but at the close, it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King came and took her place.[1] Sharing Jupiter's favours in this way might seem astonishing, but our ambassador Comminges finds it natural: "It seems to me that Lady Castlemaine will never be surer of her conquest than in holding her rival's hand, unless it be in the actual moments of her triumph." And in fact the favourite is right: she receives more jewels than the Queen herself; the King does not sup with the latter once in three months, while he sees the Countess almost every night.[2]

The elders do not approve. Clarendon deplores the departure from the principles of right living: Charles II "allows his youth and his desires the licence and the pleasures to which they are prone." The Prince has travelled extensively and is become a cynic in all that pertains to women, only wanting of them that for which he thinks they are made, but he neglects the cares of government and spends recklessly. If the favourite is not mentioned by

[1] *Diary*, 8th, 17th February, 1663.

[2] Her bedroom at Whitehall was next to the King's, and it was not advisable to speak ill of her.

name on the orders of payment, she receives the cash. The Chancellor reprimands; we can picture his heavy chaps and short billy-goat beard shaking with an honourable emotion: in truth Charles I behaved better. But the company of jesters led by Lady Castlemaine have no difficulty in counteracting his efforts. When he is pompous and severe, Buckingham says: "Sire, behold our schoolmaster," takes hold of the bellows, and carries them gravely as if they were the great seal; another marches in front with the shovel on his shoulder, like the usher and his mace. The ladies enjoy these buffooneries, and it is by mimicking people behind their backs that Buckingham hopes to capture the heart of pretty Mrs. Stuart.

There is no place in that court for gloomy people. "The Chancellor is irrecoverably lost," Pepys is told one day. The Bennet-Berkeley-Buckingham faction have it all their own way. My Lord, whom Pepys regards as the mariner does his compass, lends himself to the royal distractions. Not feeling obliged to stand up for the Queen against his own interest, he is polite enough to lose money to the Countess at play. How time and example can change a person!

This thirty-year-old Pepys is like an old man. When he cannot join the dance, he laments in the manner of Clarendon and almost in the same terms. The King publicly frolics with my Lady Castlemaine to his great shame, and only grants favours to those in his confidence. He stays with My Lady until morning and goes home through the garden all alone privately, so that the very sentries notice it and speak of it. Pepys sees this with his own eyes one day when he is walking in Whitehall: "A poor thing for a prince to do," he observes. But where money is concerned, his indignation waxes; that the King has given his Christmas presents to the Countess is a most abominable thing. Pepys suffers, all the more as the Countess is above all the others, the only one whom he can consider a true beauty. Ah, if she were but virtuous. But she knows all the tricks of Aretin and is expert in the art of giving pleasure, and the King responds only to such stimuli. The Italian proverb truly says, *Cazzo dritto non vuolt consiglio.*

During this time, the Queen is left on the shelf. Her crime is that she lacks beauty, and the whiteness of her hands would not attract attention, but

why neglect her in this way, granting her an annual allowance of £40,000, of which she only receives £4,000? She must come out of her shell and learn to play like the others. Perhaps then she will find a way to win her husband's love. But there is little hope of this. More than ever Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stuart monopolize the King, whose life is divided between his "common mistresses." What a pity! Madness has nowadays seized the nobility. May heaven end all this profligacy.

Heaven remains indifferent to this pious invocation. Even those who kept up a certain appearance of propriety let themselves go. The Duke of York is a sensible man, a methodical worker, but scarcely intelligent. In the matter of Anne Hyde he honoured his signature, but "having quieted his conscience by the declaration of his marriage, thought he was entitled by this generous effort to give way a little to his inconstancy." Pepys learns that the Lord High Admiral, his master, has become enamoured of Lady Chesterfield, a virtuous lady having the prettiest figure in the world, and uniting the pure radiancy of a blonde with all the liveliness and piquancy of

brunettes. York is the least circumspect ogler of his time. Under the pretext of learning an air from the guitar he never leaves the lady's side. Ever since this day there has been a universal strumming. He behaves even more imprudently. One day the King maintains that no woman ever had such handsome legs as Mrs. Stuart. She, to prove the truth of the assertion, immediately showed her leg above the knee. She is a good girl, "so confident of her attractions that one could scarcely praise any woman of the Court for her fine arms and fine leg, but she was ready to contradict by a demonstration. It would not be difficult, by employing a little tact, to strip her naked without her being aware of it." Thus, some were ready to prostrate themselves in order to adore her leg, but the Duke begins to criticize it.

It is too slender; he would give nothing for a leg that was not thicker and shorter, and concluded that no leg was worth anything without green stockings. Now Lady Chesterfield had a fat, short leg, and always wore green stockings. In the room where the Queen plays cards the Duke was sitting next to his mistress, and it is noticed that the unhappy man appears to be amputated.

CHAPTER XIII

CADENCES

In every classic comedy there is the twofold intrigue of master and servant. Pepys watches his master's play, but he also plays an amorous comedy on his own account, so far as he is able. Moving in the outer courts of grandeur, he has become a "hanger-on" of the great, like La Bruyère's *Pamphile*. The spectacle on which he gazes puts ideas in his head. After all, Lady Castlemaine is too unsubstantial a mistress;[1] his heart is too large to be content with this. The sight of a woman arouses his desires, but he is easily abashed. He is ignorant of how to behave like a man in society and falls back on humbler subjects: his servant Jane, for whose sake he does not correct the boy, her brother, as much as he

[1] "How do you love?" "As a man ought to love: with a good substantial passion." Mrs. Behn, *ap* Beljame, 49.

deserves;[1] the servant of his colleague Pen; the wife of the porter Griffin, to whom he dares not make overtures lest she should be honest and refuse, and tell of him. It is a painful struggle, especially when Mrs. Pepys is in the country. With her virtue returns: "After with great pleasure lying a great while talking and sporting in bed with my wife (for we have been for some years now, and at present more and more a very happy couple, blessed be God)." But the perfume of this idyll evaporates. Pepys goes out; his wife remains at home and finds it tedious; not daring to mention her discontent, she writes him a letter. After a moment of anger, the husband calms himself and ponders what is best to do. Find a companion for his wife? On the other hand, this would involve the expense of wages and board. On the other, the wife would be at home, without opportunity to waste time or money. Pepys consents and the lady arrives. She sings and he is enchanted and calls her his little girl. But this is only a respite. The lady departs, and tedium returns. The pair go to bed melancholy,

[1] See, however, *Diary*, 12th January, 24th April, 1663. He beats his boy till he is tired and is obliged to take breath.

he being torn between the desire to avoid expense until he "is warmer in the purse" and that of putting his wife beyond the reach of temptations.

The year 1662 had commenced badly: "Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and nose, which waked her with pain." The year 1663 witnessed the first serious quarrel. Pepys temporizes and employs innocent ruses to show that he goes out less than formerly. If only his sister Pall, whom he had been obliged to send home, had a less deplorable character, he would take her back. Must money therefore go out of the family? On the 9th January, the couple being in bed, Madam reads to her husband a letter in which she depicts the sadness and solitude of her life in terms so true and so piquant that the master orders her to tear up the paper. She refusing, Pepys rises, puts on his stockings and breeches and gown, opens the coffer containing *their* letters and tears them one by one. "She cried, desiring me not to do it, but such was my passion and trouble to see the letters of my love to her and my will wherein I had given her all I have in the world when I went to sea to be joined

with a paper of so much disgrace to me and dishonour." The fit passes, he gathers up the pieces of the scandalous letter and of the will, burns the rest, save the first letter he wrote to his wife when he was courting her. Peace is restored, but what reflections it brings in its train. "I doubt the heartburning will not soon be over and I am sorry for the tearing of so many poor loving letters." Madam has her revenge ready: after a quarrel she obliges her husband to dismiss the servant, and Pepys is distressed. He must give way, and on the 12th March, Mary Ashwell, companion, enters the household: she has lived with children and ignores the polite formalities; but she is a musician, too much so for the taste of her mistress, who sees in this occasions for excessive familiarities with the master.

After the companion, the dancing-master comes. This was a necessity. "A tiresome thing because it means expense, but very useful for a gentleman." In the month of May, under the auspices of Pembleton, the household cultivates the graces. Of his wife, Pepys has little hope: she imagines "she do well already," in which she deceives herself. For himself, after some hesitation, he essays a

coranto; they encourage him, and behold him in his hours of leisure the pupil of Mr. Pembleton: "Keep time, if you please..la..la..the right leg..la..la..la.. Don't move the shoulders so much."

We must confess a curiosity about the appearance of this gentleman professor. Was he trained under Saint André, the dancer whom Monmouth brought from France? Has he acquired the distinguished vocabulary of M. Jourdain's master? Is he a handsome man wearing lace sleeves and does he frisk about? Is he, on the other hand, the prototype of a comic character of Dickens? It is to be credited that Pembleton was attractive to the ladies. One day Pepys finds him talking with Elizabeth, talking and not dancing. This is serious. Tormented in heart and head, Pepys can no longer concentrate on his business. He is the victim of this terrible mania, this scourge, jealousy. O wretched month of May! Pepys becomes a spy in his own house. *They* are upstairs. Are they dancing? Samuel in his study is on the watch. Has someone dined with his wife in his absence? Pembleton. Has his wife gone to Fenchurch Street? To meet Pembleton.

Does the boy take a letter? For Pembleton. Does someone ogle his wife at church? Pembleton. Does Elizabeth want to go out twice a day to perform her devotions? It is to meet Pembleton. "And to think that I have been foolish enough to agree to a second month of lessons," concludes Pepys.

He watches his wife's toilet and resorts to incredible subterfuges. He creeps upstairs to assure himself that the bed is not in disorder. He fabricates suspicions morning, noon and night. "There is something more than ordinary between my wife and him which do so trouble me that I know not at this very minute that I now write this almost what either I write or am doing." He resolves to remain calm and decides not to tax his wife about this damnable business until the end of the month, under penalty of a fine of half-a-crown each month. He recognizes that he has no right to be severe, for with a little temptation he would be unfaithful himself. But a devil has got into his body; he is upset and tries to soothe himself with pills; in spite of all his irritation gets the better of him. A mere nothing is sufficient to raise a storm. His wife uses the word *devil;* he

forbids her to do so. Sir W. Pen's boy is much prettier than ours, says Pepys. No, answers Madam, and they have high words. He knows himself to be ridiculous, fears to lose his authority, a matter of prime importance to him—and then starts again. One morning at three o'clock he awakens his wife; an hour later he feigns to rise to see what she would say. He resumes: "The familiarity with Pembleton was very great and more than was convenient, but with no evil intent," and he caresses his wife. Nevertheless, peace is not restored. Elizabeth (who is decidedly not so ingenuous as might be thought) plays the part of an insulted woman; declares that she will not receive Pembleton any more in her husband's absence; quarrels with Ashwell, the companion, to whom her husband pays too much attention, accusing her of theft. Consequently she requires —you perceive the logic—that the same Ashwell should be by her, to prevent Pepys from "doing or saying anything of force to her." In short, she is in a very cantankerous humour. "Why have I brought her to this condition?" writes Pepys. "There she is carried away by a fit of negligence, no longer troubling about the house, and taking

pleasure in useless purchases. Doubtless Pembleton knows all about my damnable jealousy, perhaps he will publish it abroad," and Pepys asks his friends to warn him if anything is said to his detriment. At length the day of the last lesson arrives: he crouches with ear to the keyhole, trembling when he no longer hears them dancing, and then lets the man depart without a word.

Wretched month of May. It has a way of exciting animal spirits. At Fleet Alley, Pepys sees a couple of pretty creatures, and has much ado not to follow them into their houses. He feels more and more taken up with the companion, and the confession slips out: "I am not so fond of my wife as I used to be, which I will remedy."

CHAPTER XIV

OFFICIAL ROUTINE

In the private life of Pepys there are sinuosities, but there is none in his public life; in this sphere there are no bacchic lurches, no erotic fits, no sentimental *faux pas;* he progresses in a straight line uniformly ascendant. An apt pupil, he stores ideas and is at pains to master his business. Tenacious, punctual, and orderly among slipshod colleagues, he has succeeded in making himself indispensable, and reaps his reward. He is the *life* of the office: the Duke of York thanked Montagu for having made a present of him to the Navy. How gratifying! He has made a reputation for himself by his industry. His chiefs, Coventry (the Duke's secretary), Carteret (treasurer of the Navy), highly appreciate him; My Lord receives him more and more graciously as he remarks the respect accorded to his *protégé* by

others. And humble people also bring their meed of praise: he is thought a good-natured man among the poor folk who come to the office. His welcome is benevolent and he preserves a nice deference, while he is on easy terms with his equals. He is no longer the simpleton who hoped to find in the Doomsday Book information concerning the mastery of the sea, or the scholar conning the multiplication table. He is a man of position who invites home Mr. Coventry himself.

The leg of mutton and the capons were not sufficiently cooked (Mrs. Pepys hears about this), but all the same, what an honour. He is a citizen who can receive eight persons without inconvenience, give a splendid dinner in a well-kept house: the fire crackles in the chimney, and across the resplendent white cloth defile oysters, hashed rabbit, lamb, chine of beef, poultry, tarts, fruits and cheese, not to mention Canary wine.

The menu increases in length with the augmentation of the titles of the Amphitryon, who becomes successively citizen of Portsmouth, member of the Tangier committee, member of the Corporation of Royal Fisheries, inspector of victualling. Prodigious labours! Tangier, the King thinks,

will enable England to be mistress of the Mediterranean, and must be made the basis of a new African empire, just as Bombay is the basis of an empire of the Indies. The construction of a mole is commenced and, in accordance with parliamentary tradition, a committee of officials is appointed, well-meaning but quite ignorant of the country. The victualling business costs Pepys many anxious hours; he observes that the food must be regular in quantity and quality, for the English (and sailors in particular) love their bellies above everything; but there is a shortage of money, the contractors who tender fear they will not be paid, and the sailors, with empty stomachs, desert.

Pepys has never been a cynic; he takes a pride in work well done, and when success crowns his efforts, enjoys a pure and honourable satisfaction. "All the world seems to smile on me. I live better and more comfortably than others." "Comfortably" is a splendid word which properly belongs to England. Pepys's scheme of life is, in fact, to be a comfortable man. He wants to live well and have a comfortable house—my house is my castle—and accumulate. He receives his

perquisites with dignity. If it be a question of money, he fingers the paper, but does not open it. Returning home, he arranges for his wife to be out of the way and counts passionately—forty pieces of sterling gold.

This makes him so excited that he can scarcely eat his dinner. In moments of exuberance he shows the coins to Elizabeth from a distance. "She, poor wretch, would have liked to take them to look at, without any other intention than a simple love of them, but I considered that this would not do and kept them in my hand." When the perquisite is a quarter of pork, he accepts it also, although it is a strange present, but in course of time the presents become more substantial. There is a certain pair of silver flagons which have played a rôle in his life; he gazes on them with a joyous heart, then puts them away carefully in a drawer; on gala days they decorate the table, and in truth they are a fine sight, the hall-mark of prosperity. Sometimes his conscience pricks him, but when all is said and done, he has only been paid for services rendered, whereas there are plenty of people who open their hands without being of any use to their neighbours.

Moreover, these little perquisites do not injure the royal finances.[1]

He puts on flesh and occupies more room. Office space being limited, he finds his colleagues cumbersome, mediocre, and even worse. Prosperity does not tend to make him more indulgent. W. Pen is no longer the tavern comrade who would drink so much that he could not hold a card; he is a miserable knave whom Pepys hates with all his heart for his crafty tricks, and this because Pen, a sailor by profession, has ideas about the reform of the administration which are not those of Pepys, because he considers that commissioners should have precedence over the Clerk of the Acts.[2]

This cannot be tolerated. Pepys confides his chagrin to his diary. Outwardly they exchange polite civilities, "although the knave knows that he does not deserve any from me," but in this case it is necessary to combine cunning with strength. As to Batten, the Inspector who lives

[1] "I can say with a clear conscience that I have saved the King £5,000 per annum."

[2] He despises Pen because the latter rides in a carriage and poses as a man of fashion while his house is dirty and his table wretched. For Pepys the man at home should be congruous with the man abroad.

next door, Pepys is jealous of him, while he hates Pepys to death.

Proximity does not improve relations.[1]

Even the chiefs do not escape censure. Carteret does not know the meaning of the four letters S. P. Q. R. inscribed on a Roman standard. A schoolboy would be whipped for such ignorance, but Cataret is a privy councillor. What is more: the sovereign, the master, is not capable of delivering a coherent speech before Parliament. With a paper in his hand, he stammers and repeats words. It is a sorry spectacle. He ought to have learnt it off by heart. As to that, Charles would no doubt have replied, as he did to the preacher Stillingfleet: "I have asked the Commons so often for money that I am ashamed to look them in the face." But Pepys is not yet able to appreciate such political reasons.

[1] Neither do the women get on together. When Lady Batten calls "Nan" (her servant), Pepys's servant mocks. The lady complains quite civilly and Pepys replies in similar terms, but at heart he sympathizes with his servant. Lady Batten is "a proud, ridiculous, and hypocritical person whom it is agreeable to humiliate."

CHAPTER XV

PERIWIGS

He judges others severely, but knows that he too is criticized by his colleagues. He stands in their light, more envied than liked, and his habit of looking after everything earns him the ill-will of all the Navy. He is warned of this, but does not desist, and avers that he does not seek interviews with the Duke to push himself forward. In his capacity of justice of the peace, he is pursued by bailiff's men and is obliged to jump over palings. He hides in a garret and hears himself called rogue and rebel, but durst not go out except as an offender with his cloak over his face. But this man, who is so timid that he dares not unsheath his sword to defend his calves, is not at all intimidated by this legal display. If he hides, it is for his own convenience, but "God knows in what a sad condition I should be if I had debts."[1]

[1] The matter was an illegal imprisonment.

He perseveres in his straight path, studying each day how he can add to his cash and his respectability, but there are bad cards in his hand. Few among his numerous relatives do him credit. Aunt and Uncle Perkins live in a poor cottage, almost a stable, where they grow hemp. The cousins Joyce are ignorant of manners and go into ecstasies before a well-spread table. The Kites, a family of butchers, can only muster a few poor people at a funeral, not one person of quality, and their daughter, Pegg Kite, is a sorry jade. Father-in-law Saint-Michel tries to earn a few pence with his patent for curing chimneys, but he and his wife live so wretchedly that Mrs. Pepys dare not give her husband their address. The influence of these "vulgar households" must be counteracted, and a stand must be made against the decay of the Pepys family. The hero Samuel appears in a periwig.

Hamlet was vexed in his soul to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters; but Puritanism killed the periwig. When young, Pepys wore his own hair and not the curled locks of another head which reposed in the grave. The periwig re-appeared with the Restoration, while

the beard was shortened. Was it a French invasion? A royal recognition of the simple toilet operation which was so useful to a fugitive? The fact is that Pepys learns that the King and the Duke are going to wear periwigs; he does not hesitate a moment but buys one and has his hair cut short so that a second wig may be prepared. "The servants found that this becomes me, but Jane (the second of that name) much regrets the loss of my hair."

He goes out. At the office, his colleagues take little notice of this new decoration. "At church I notice that my coming in a periwig did not excite so much surprise as I had feared: I thought that everybody would cast eyes at me, but this was not the case." The Duke alone declares that in this guise Pepys is not recognizable. On the whole it is a happy innovation. "This long tissue which covers the head descends half-way down the body and alters the features." It has this advantage that it lends a leonine aspect, an air of dignity and sagacity to him who wears it. Is it not becoming when one desires to be in the mode, to take a walk with a comb in the hand curling a scented periwig, and then making a

sweeping bow in the French manner, a French wallow? Samuel is conquered; he will not renounce his heavy crown, even after he discovers parasites lurking therein, even after it catches fire one day when he is sealing a letter. It becomes a new necessity of his office.[1]

Swift said, and Carlyle enlarged on the theme: "If certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop." Thus this ample periwig we call a man of consequence, and not the nephew of Uncle Perkins in his poor cottage.

Let us transport the periwig to Whitehall. It is said that the favourite is no longer popular; she begins to fall off, and the Queen is not afraid to attack her to her face. "I wonder Your Majesty can have the patience to sit so long a-dressing." "I have so much reason to use patience that I can very well bear it," answered the good Queen. Unheard-of audacity.

The King becomes cold and decides to love his wife. When Lady Castlemaine descends from her carriage, nobody hastens forward; she seems

[1] *Diary*, 2nd–13th November, 1664. Hogarth, *Analysis of Beauty*.

to be in a bad humour and wears a yellow feather in her hat, and yet is very handsome but very melancholy. In the squadron of maids of honour, this conclave of beauties, "the most exquisite vision of my life," exclaims Samuel, we behold Mrs. Stuart, with her hat cocked and decorated with a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent figure. Grammont had procured from France a coach for the King, and the favourites want to ride in it. Lady Castlemaine was pregnant and threatened that if her rival had the precedence, she "would never be in a condition to be brought to bed." This threat prevailed over the other. It was said that the coach did little harm to the innocence of Mrs. Stuart.

Now the Queen, seeing the fertility of the Countess, endeavoured to imitate her, but she failed and tired herself in the effort. She fell ill. "Waked with a very high wind and said to my wife, I pray God I hear not of the death of any great person, this wind is so high." The person in question has been shaved, her priests have given her extreme unction, being so long about it as to anger the doctors. She is as full of spots as a leopard—for without doubt she has smallpox; the

King weeps, but if we are to believe Sandwich's servant, Sarah, he does not miss supping with the Countess. Perhaps Sarah knows how matters stand. It is her husband who dresses the meal. In her delirium the Queen pursues her fixed idea, believes she is pregnant, is surprised at being painlessly delivered and distressed at having such an ugly son. "Not at all, he is pretty," says the King.

"Ah! if only he were like you." He implores her to live for love of him. Never having disobeyed him she recovers, and things resume their normal course.

Lady Castlemaine affirms her prerogative by coming to sit familiarly in the royal box; by whispering in the august ear; by declaring herself a Papist, thus showing her contempt for popular applause; by appearing in the Park astraddle on the cushions of her carriage, with mouth open. The royal cock, infatuated by Mrs. Stuart and her legs, monopolizes the damsel in corners and caresses her publicly; but, according to Surgeon Pierce, she does not allow him to do anything that is not perfectly safe; and it is in vain that Bennet and Buckingham lay siege to the lady's virtue on

their master's behalf. "An artful slut," says Samuel, "a subtle female who would persuade the King to marry her if the Queen were dead."

But the Queen recovers, and steers as well as she can between her husband and the rival favourites. When looking for their master, the courtiers ask: "Is the King upstairs or downstairs?" Downstairs means with Mrs. Stuart. The Queen does likewise, and does not enter her dressing-room without first ascertaining that the King is alone, for fear of disturbing him, as once happened, in tender conversation.

On the day that Stuart wore a red plume, Pepys almost shared his sovereign's passion. But this infidelity does not last long; at the theatre a woman said of Lady Castlemaine: "She is pretty well."

"This is truly delightful," he observes with compassion.

Lady Castlemaine remains the undisputed queen; at Whitehall he has the good fortune to be near her for a few moments: "I adore her with all my heart."[1]

[1] This was not the general feeling. The Countess was once called Jane Shore. One evening she was insulted at Saint James by three masked men who reminded her of the fate of the mistress of Edward IV, who died on a dunghill.

CHAPTER XVI

DISORDERS

If Pepys were to give rein to his natural feelings, the most respectable barriers would soon be broken down. Consequently, he deliberately trammels himself by making numerous vows. If he buys books, keeps his accounts badly, drinks to excess, or goes to the theatre, he condemns himself to a fine and the tin box grows heavier. He seems to have abjured wine; only small pale ale is permissible in the terms of his code, a code which he has compiled himself and which he reads over again in slack moments to fortify him in his resolves. If he deviates therefrom, he has trouble with his conscience: has he infringed the vow in the letter or the spirit? When he is invited to the theatre, he is not troubled with doubts: there is no infraction of the code because his action was not spontaneous. But more delicate cases arise: "Drinking some hypocras which did not break my vow,

it being to the best of my present judgment only a mixed compound drink and not any wine. If I am mistaken God forgive me." This reminds us of Fielding's chaplain who preferred punch to wine, because the Scripture has nothing to say against punch.

But this diet of small beer does not agree with Pepys; the thick sugar contained in this drink fosters gross humours. With a stomach tight as a drum, he repairs in a coach to consult his doctor. Whether the coach did him good or not, we are left in ignorance, as the editor recoiled from the text of the Diary, but we learn that the London *Purgon*[1] gave him the clue of his temperament, viz., costiveness. And then Molière's device comes into play. Pepys absorbs ale, butter, and sugar, but is by no means satisfied.

This disturbance in his natural economy would perhaps suffice to explain Pepys if he were a great person; but he is Clerk of the Acts, and the historian must not omit to record a coincidence; that of digestive troubles and adultery.

The Duchess of Newcastle speaks with disgust in her *Letters of Society* of those gross men without

[1] See Molière: *Malade Imaginaire.*

souls who have only senses and appetites, or sensual appetites. The thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous duchess, as she is called by the delightful Charles Lamb, who had an intelligent predilection for her, is very much at home in speaking of these matters.

She has told us that she had never been troubled by that which is a disease, or a passion, or both together, amorous love. Everybody is not moulded upon this white pattern, in particular the body of the man Pepys, a body which was contemporary with the soul of the Duchess. Up till now he has practised in the kitchen, in certain places of ill-repute, but timidly. They were rehearsals and not full-blown romance. Whence comes his boldness? Doubtless from the spectacle of the Court, from the periwig, and also from an indescribable warmth of the blood produced by the season.

On the 29th June, 1663, at a Rhenish wine-house, Pepys regales Mrs. Lane, a milliner, with a lobster. He has coveted her for a long time, and she has just agreed to a *tête-à-tête*. Samuel makes the most of it, praises the quality of her skin: "Indeed she has a very white thigh and leg, but monstrous fat." Just then a stone is thrown

at the window, and someone in the street calls aloud, "Sir, why do you kiss the gentlewoman so?" He starts and recovers himself. "I believe they could not see my touzling her." In the evening his mind is full of reflections concerning the danger of having a fancy for women, and he resolves to correct himself.

Very well, but in the daytime he sees beauties and before going to sleep, sports in his fancy with Mrs. Stuart or even the Queen. This is most unsettling. With flushed cheeks he goes in search of Mrs. Lane "or any other woman." In July he proceeds to see the adventure through, but the moment for the "last thing of all" has not come. Mrs. Lane refuses, talks of her approaching marriage; the interview ends in chaff, and telling fortunes. A few days afterwards he repairs to a certain procuress who has nobody available. Blessed be God. The next day Mrs. Lane is at hand; he fumbles and aspires, but "wanton and bucksome as she is, she dares not adventure upon the business, in which I very much commend her," in saying which he is quite sincere.[1]

[1] "The main thing she would not consent to, for which God be praised. But trust in the Lord, I shall never do so again while I live."

To give his wife something to do, he makes the house untidy, raises a cloud of dust, and takes his desires out with him to Fleet Alley, having a longing to see the sluts, but the sight of them turns his stomach, and when he returns home to find his wife working, he is remorseful at deceiving such a poor wretch.

The approach of winter brings him a measure of assuagement, but he suddenly comes upon Pen's servant and kisses her. He is the more surprised of the two. "To see how much I was put out of order by this surprisal." Suppose he had been seen. "If she should tell this. But I think there was nothing more passed than just what I here write." He returns to Mrs. Lane and wants her to get married. "God knows I had a roguish meaning." Finally, on the 16th January, 1664, he writes in the evening: "Un peu troubled pour ce que fait to-day but I hope it will be the dernier de toute ma vie." This is the first instance of the strange jargon which he employs henceforth to register his turpitudes; in the degree that he becomes expert in this exercise, he mixes up English, French, Italian, Spanish, sometimes Latin and Greek, even German.

Anticipating Diderot in his *Bijoux indiscrets*, he writes only for polyglots. But he totally confuses the cipher in chronicling this delinquency of the 16th January; after the passage quoted follow four lines which the editor declares he cannot publish: the illegible signature of Pepys's fall.

To assure his tranquillity, he urges the young lady into marriage and instructs the happy man he has chosen for the work. When she proves recalcitrant, he resolves to avoid all opportunity for sinning, and a new vow is added to the previous ones: not to be alone with her for a quarter of an hour, and to leave the door open if he is likely to make a fool of himself.

Mrs. Lane gets married, not to Pepys's candidate, but to a paymaster in the Navy named Martin, a very ordinary fellow "who will have a sad wife, for she pressed me to give her a rendezvous as soon as she leaves the town."

Two days later Pepys has all the pleasure that he can desire, and this facility bewilders him. "She being the strangest woman in talk of love for her husband sometimes, and sometimes again she do not care for him and yet willing enough to allow me a liberty of doing what I would with her."

But he is not satiated; he hovers around houses of ill-fame, enters them, and then retraces his steps. The hospitable hostess says to him: "I hope to see you again soon." "God give the courage to resist," thinks Samuel. "She is really a handsome creature, but I fear she will rob me." Two days afterwards he repasses, and the feeling of safety and honour is the stronger.

He comes back again, is mocked, and loses his money in aimless trifling.

Unfortunate in Fleet Street, he is in addition obliged to listen to the sorrows of Mrs. Lane. She is about to have a child, and her husband is penniless, and must have a good place. Having been paid in advance, Pepys thinks, "The impudent jade would not take my advice. I will have no more to do with her, so let her brew as she has baked. Martin is an idiot incapable of becoming a lieutenant."

Poor Lane is not a psychologist; she gives herself too easily, for she has faith in the great influence of the Clerk of the Acts; she lives penuriously among poor wretches and takes no pride in herself. One day the Clerk of the Acts confesses he is tired of her impudence.

Becoming more refined and taking a delight in obstacles, he develops the cult of Don Juan; and here, faithfully compiled from the Diary, is the song of his new conquest, the song of Mrs. Bagwell.

In London there lived a carpenter whose name was Bagwell and who worked for the Navy. Bagwell had a wife whom he often sent to the office. The Clerk liked to see her and took hold of her chin, thinking of making overtures to her. One day he kissed her, but she rebuked him. He thought: "For the chief thing I believe she is very honest." He escorted her to a tavern, but she did not prove to be accommodating. He thought: "I am glad to know she is modest and respect her all the more." Another day he refrained from dressing too smartly—for the work he had in view—rejecting his fine new coat and donning his poor black coat. He conducted Mrs. Bagwell to a low beer-house, and, after drinking, caressed her. The poor wretch gave him many hard and supplicating looks. He thought: "She is verily troubled at what I am doing," but after many protests and by degrees he achieves his object with great enjoyment. When he saw her again, she refused, and the

place was not convenient. Then he went to her house—sent the husband out on an errand—and did what he wanted, although not to his entire satisfaction. He often saw her again, and was always surprised: "It is strange how that woman with her great pretences of conjugal love can be overcome." Sometimes she resisted him; he did not importune her, but wore her out by persistence. One day he dislocated a finger in the struggle. Gradually she resigned herself and the Clerk had all the pleasure he wanted.

Thus the Puritan Pepys causes the downfall of his spiritual sister, the Puritan Bagwell, his carpenter's wife.

To this story of an angel's fall may be added the elegy of which little Jane Welsh, the barber's servant, is the heroine. "I had a great desire towards her with real love and passion." But this ingenuous girl is devoid of ardent love for Samuel. Innocently and modestly she makes appointments which she neglects to keep. He philosophizes: "This avoids possible inconveniences, besides offence to God and neglect of work," but all the same he is excited. Jane loves a vagabond and leaves her master. A stupid thing. The girl

will be ruined. And ruined she was: the vagabond is married and the father of a family, but love proves the stronger. She follows him to Ireland. Pepys is not at all dismayed and consoles himself for this rebuff with pleasant walks with Mary, the servant of the "Harp and Ball," whom he declares to be *formosa;* by visits to Mrs. Bagwell, and, when occasion offers, by a few liberties with the wife of a sailor. And what of Mrs. Pepys?

The truth must be told: remorse has vanished. On the evening of the day which saw his triumph over Mrs. Bagwell, he punches her on the eye. She weeps, rages, and tries to bite him; and when peace is restored, they find the eye is black. A plaster, quick, or the servants will see it. Later he confides to his journal that he is annoyed at having a wife so foolish that, except for her agreeable person, she only brings him trouble and discontent; one who does not pay his servants (and this is talked about), keeps his accounts badly, and cannot get on with anybody. Ashwell has long since been dismissed and replaced by Mrs. Mercer, the daughter of a bankrupt merchant.

Before closing this first chapter of misconduct, it is essential to relate an opinion which was given to Pepys at the house of his cousin Joyce one day when he was the only man amongst lively ladies. He complained of not having a child[1] (at least of his wife we are to suppose), and the gossips freely and merrily gave him their advice, not in the terms employed by Lucrece in a similar matter, but with all the precision that could be desired. Ten rules were propounded to him, and he made a special note of the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th and 10th. And his historians have raised the question: who was responsible for the sterility of this union? Was Samuel everything that could be desired? Did he, like Thomas Diafoirus, possess in a commendable degree the virtue of fecundity? From a learned communication made in 1895 by an English doctor, it would appear that this sterility should be imputed to Pepys and not to his wife. The operation for the stone which he had undergone would have something to do with this inadequacy.

Upon such lines does Pepys as an established

[1] With his passion for order Pepys had little liking for children. He was devoted to the children of My Lord but only for reasons of interest.

man organize his existence; his wife, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Bagwell, and others as opportunity offers. Between the Pepys of this period and a casuist there is more than a superficial resemblance.

Charles R.

Our Will & Pleasure is, That You do forthwith and from time to time hereafter make out Quarter-Bills unto Samuel Pepys Esq.r Secry of the Bd Adm.ty and cause the same to be duly paid him by the Treasr of our Navy according to the same Annuall Allowance which has been heretofore enjoyed by the Secrys of our most Dear Brother James Duke of York our late High Admirall the same to commence from the Determination of the said Mr Pepys's Office of Clerk of the Acts of our Navy, from whence we were pleased to call him to this of Secry of our Admlty aforesaid. And for so doing (until the same shall be Confirmed to him under our Letters Patents) this shall be Your Sufficient Warrant. Given at our Court at Whitehall this 17.th of March 167 4/5.

To the Principall Officers and Comm.rs of our Navy.

By his Matys Command.

Pepys.

Rec.d the 1.st Apr. 75. & Bills made out accordingly

E.

Facsimile from a document in the possession of the Diarist's descendant, Lt.-Colonel Frederick Pepys-Cockerell.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ENGLISH CENSOR

My Lord became amorous at the same time as his famulus: he neglects the Court and plays the lute beneath the windows of his beloved Mrs. Becke. This conduct distresses Pepys; for My Lord to seek nothing but the gratification of his appetites, to live in an obscure place, to flout royal favours is deplorable and intolerable. He is touched to the quick by this disreputable behaviour. His first thought, however, is one of caution: "Not to mix myself up in this business, to leave him to the hands of God, to his own conscience and family feelings." But he encounters an old friend, a sober Puritan whose conversation leaves a strong impression. Mr. Blackburne breaks a lance for the old soldiers of the Republic; this captain turned a shoemaker, this lieutenant a baker; this common soldier a porter; all these people, peace-

ful, honest, earning their bread virtuously and never begging. He contrasts them with the swashbuckling Cavaliers, swearing and cursing and stealing, with the King and the nobles who live only for enjoyment. Pepys is a thoughtful man and at once feels the moral contagion. The sermon reawakens his old self, his old moralizing self, his self minus the periwig; he sees his old patron dragged into the abyss of vice; he must be stopped, he needs it; and taking pen in hand, Pepys indites a respectful but firm letter to My Lord.

It is a pity we cannot quote this letter in its entirety. Pepys reveals himself therein at full length. After the exordium of the faithful servant: "the duty which every bit of bread I eat tells me I owe to your Lordship," we hear the voice of public rumour: "My Lord deserts the Court, neglects his conditions, sojourns in a suspect house (one of the daughters alleged to be a common courtesan); whence arise scandal and general coldness." In conclusion, Pepys protests his humility, discretion, and purity of motive.

The letter despatched, its author awaits events, a prey to doubt and anxiety. At length he sees

My Lord, who thanks him for the care he has taken of his honour, then asks, "Who has told you all this? The house I frequent is most respectable and the young lady irreproachable." Pepys falters and bursts into tears. "I may have done myself an injury for his good; I should have done better to take no notice of it." My Lord, a man of the world, changes the conversation, and talks of painting. And now the servant's equilibrium is upset; he studies the physiognomy of his master, instructor, and benefactor. "What does he say about me? Is he good-natured in ordinary things? Ah! what an unfortunate incident!" These are his melancholy thoughts at the end of the month. He tries to regain favour, to conjure up a smile, and ventures to send small presents. When My Lord answers his greeting and asks him for news of his wife, he takes hope again. "I am convinced that he would be glad to be free with me as in the past, but he does not know how to start." At times he has sparks of independence: "By my grave and humble but distant attitude I will show him that I have no need of him." But time does not obliterate his folly. My Lord remains severe and aloof; when

Pepys is received at his house, it seems that everyone shows him indifference, and he departs without saying good-bye, "wishing not to appear too servile." If he offers his services, My Lord answers, "No," and this harsh "NO" reverberates mournfully in his soul.

It is in vain that he tries to persuade himself that with good and fine clothes, making an impressive appearance, he will make his way in the world when everything is over with his patron. This uncertainty lasts for months, interspersed with storms and fine weather. The worst of it is that My Lord does not mend his ways, gets into debt, runs after futile pleasures, in a word, does not abandon his mistress. And this is where Pepys begins to retreat. He sees Mrs. Becke, "no handsome features, but a pretty woman, elegant figure, superior air, expressing herself well." My Lord's taste is understandable. "She has enough brains to infatuate him." In short, the moralist is conquered. Is My Lord grateful to him for his feelings? Has time turned the edge of his displeasure? Or does he merely need the services of his famulus? This appears to be the more probable. My Lord embarked upon

a journey and required someone to look after his interests.

He assured Pepys that he had his whole confidence, and Pepys breathed again. Later at a dinner with his master, he notes, "My Lord treated me with the greatest solemnity possible, carving for me and for nobody else." It is attentions of this kind that admit of no mistakes.

This true English story is not unworthy of being placed side by side with the model French story, *Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada.*

The clerk escapes more lightly than the valet, merely skirting the precipice. Moreover is he not the more culpable? At a moment when he is giving his whole mind to being unfaithful, to enjoying good substantial passions, what right has he to cavil at his neighbour's frailty? Macaulay has observed that under the reign of the Merry Monarch adultery was the vocation of the perfect gentleman, as necessary as the sword at his side.

CHAPTER XVIII

SAMUEL PRINCE OF DENMARK

THE methodical Samuel had a most undisciplined brother. Tom Pepys lacked brains and would keep at nothing long. They depended on him to take over the business of Pepys the father; they tried to get him married, and Pepys gave him his old clothes. But Tom persisted in his refusal to become settled in life; he wore the clothes, offered no opposition to matrimonial projects, but remained a bachelor and an idle man. Tom died of a strange malady: "He was as white as a stone. I stayed," says Pepys, "until he was cold. Before dying his mouth expelled a clot of phlegm—he spoke in excellent French and said among other things 'quand un homme boit quand il n'a poynt d'inclination à boire il ne lui fait jamais de bien." For a while Pepys is distressed, without, however, neglecting to carry away a silver cup which might have been stolen.

He puts on his mourning attire and even blackens the heels of his shoes. The burial takes place and is followed by a lunch. "But Lord, to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man an hour after he is dead. And indeed I must blame myself; for though at the sight of him dead and dying I had real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet presently after and ever since I have had very little grief indeed for him."

This drop of sorrow soon turns into mortification. Tom has not only bequeathed the memorable words reported above, but debts in addition and a child whom he had by a servant. Money is at stake, sentiment evaporates completely, and Samuel fulminates: "What a knave my brother was in all respects!"

Alas! Alas! poor Tom! Thy brother knew his Hamlet and could recite by heart the classic "To be or not to be." On the day of thy funeral he had a conversation with the gravedigger; it appears there was not enough room for thee, poor Tom, and it was necessary to shift other corpses. Out of respect for thy father the tailor, the gravedigger pushed these corpses aside, and for thine own corpse could not be too civil. "But

to see how a man's tombs are at the mercy of such that for sixpence he would (as his own words were) 'I will jostle them together but I will make room for him.'" Thy brother philosophizes, and thine end turns his thoughts in a funereal direction: he was touched by a very bad sermon because it spoke of the nothingness of man, the skull and bones of Marius or Alexander which could not be distinguished from those of a pioneer, of beauty fallen into the charnel house where jostle each other Cleopatra, Jane Shore, and Fair Rosamond. Cemeteries have no terror for Samuel, who delights in walking among the graves, waiting for little Jane Welsh who does not turn up. A well-ordered cemetery satisfies his eye without giving a sombre cast to his mind. What he specially reprobates is disturbing the dead. When the corpse of Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, who died in 1404, is exhibited to the gaze of all and sundry, handled and jeered at, Samuel is sorry for this skeleton to which the flesh still adheres, tough and dry on the bones like leather or touchwood. "A great man in his time and Lord Chancellor." But should a corpse be properly reposing in its right place, his respect

vanishes. One day, O Tom, a Shrove Tuesday, thy brother being at Westminster obtained permission to see the corpse of Queen Catherine of Valois, and he took the upper part in his own hands, kissed its mouth, and said, "I have kissed a queen. To-day, the thirty-sixth anniversary of my birthday, I have kissed a queen." As thou canst see, Tom, thy brother loves grandeur and women, and with such a lively devotion as to be unconscious of committing a profanation.[1]

He sees mummies at a dealer's . . . "It pleased me much, though an ill sight." The dealer gave him a little bit of one, and the bone of an arm, and he was gratified.

Thou runnest no risks, old Tom; thou art not one of the great. Had'st thou not, bacchic person, bequeathed debts and a bastard, thou wouldst soon have disappeared from the memory of men, but thy misconduct hath perpetuated thy name.

Thus by degrees a funereal Pepys emerges, sensitive to common bonds, but unaffected by horror. But this periwigged Hamlet has a quality

[1] *Diary*, 18th, 25th March; 6th April; 13th November, 1664; 12th November, 1666; 23rd February, 1669.

of his own. Several days after Tom's death he is amused to watch a little dog attempting to mount his bitch. The dog is the prettiest in the world but really too small. Then the officious Pepys assists his amours. Decidedly life is stronger than death. Up and leave the graves behind.

CHAPTER XIX

MASQUERADE AND THE CANNON'S ROAR

Since his return Charles II had known peace. Public opinion was calm; the admirably disciplined Parliament gave black looks only to Chancellor Clarendon. Happier and younger than Louis XVIII, the King lived between his mistresses and his courtiers, all of whom were agreeable persons; he allowed his dogs in the Council Chamber, and according to Rochester, they remained seated, grave and wise as lords. Sometimes to lend variety to his occupations he would attend a sitting of the Commons, taking a refined pleasure in the proceedings: another kind of comedy, he said. When the less sophisticated Duke of York urged him to undertake a matter of importance, he saw the disturbance it would bring to his easy life, and replied: "Brother, I am determined not to go on my travels again;

you may do as you please." And so matters were on as before, indifferently.

Pepys in his office scents the coming storm. Coventry has recently intimated his fears of a war with Holland, a war which might yet be averted. But the misunderstanding between the two Protestant sister countries grows: a jealousy due to the *entente* with Portugal, to the acquisition of Tangier, and rivalry in Guinea. For some time there had been isolated acts of hostility, such as capturing vessels and reprisals.

Gradually English shipping became uneasy, and tonnage out of commission gave impetus to the idea of war. If the Government needs money, let Parliament provide it. The officious ministerial method which consists in exaggerating the forecasts of expenditure in order to obtain as much as possible from the representatives of the people has not germinated in the French mind; a stable parliamentary tradition, an understanding based on a wise interpretation of the separation of powers would be necessary for that. You may read in Pepys the details of this extortion: complicity between the King and Coventry and Carteret—he labours to inflate the needs of the

Navy, and the figures swell visibly. "God knows it is only a bugbear for Parliament." In fact Parliament is staggered; it has followed public opinion, but face to face with necessities it yields rather than approves.[1]

In these happy times sudden aggressions were unthought of. War was solemnly declared from an arm-chair, and the first encounter was laboriously prepared in peace. Before disguising themselves as warriors, the fops address playful songs to the ladies, about agreeing not to speak of inconstancy any more, as they will have too much of that on the sea. At Court there were masquerades, magnificent exhibitions, and grotesque costumes. The maids of honour, not satisfied with hopping at Whitehall, prolonged the carnival into the street. The fair Jennings, radiant with the first treasures of her youth, but who has scarcely any brains (she commences to speak before she had finished thinking), dresses up as an orange seller. Behold her with basket in hand, crying her wares. But she makes a false step,

[1] *Diary*, 29th May, 22nd, 23rd, 25th November, 1664; Clarendon, III, 2, 108; Macaulay, *Hist.* 94. The King said, "I find I am the only man in my kingdom who does not want war." He was mistaken. There was Pepys.

shows her fine heels, and the crowd riots. "These tricks being ordinary and worse among them thereby few will venture upon them for wives: my Lady Castlemaine will in merriment say that her daughter (not above a year old or two) will be the first maid in the Court that will be married."[1]

"God give us cause to continue the merry-making," sighs Pepys. He sees things only too closely and knows only too well the deplorable condition of the Navy. Money does not come in, in spite of Parliamentary munificence, and the Lord Treasurer raises his arms to heaven: "What does this mean, Mr. Pepys? Why do not people want to lend us their money? Why have they not as much confidence in the King as in Cromwell?" and goes on lamenting. Charles II does not take things so much to heart. Five days before the battle he writes to his sister that his brother will shortly encounter the Dutch fleet and no doubt a battle will very quickly ensue, then: "I have sent you from here some pieces of guitar, which I hope will please you." Cannon and guitar in the same breath.

[1] *Diary*, 21st February, 1665.

FRANCES JENNINGS

Engraved from a Painting at Althorp

Heine is of opinion that the more serious a subject is, the more cause there is to treat it lightly. "The bloody butchery of battles, the fearful noise of Death whetting his scythe, would be intolerable if one did not at the same time hear the sound of Turkish music with its gay cymbals." Such elegancies are no longer allowed in the twentieth century, but they were still permissible at the time of the Merry Monarch. Listen to the noises of London: far off the cannon roars, and from the royal harem comes even to our ears the echo of a music which is entirely Turkish. The titular sultanas are in all their splendour, but other candidates are in evidence. Mrs. Middleton, whom Grammont has fallen foul of; the fair Middleton in her posture of languid indolence, whom Pepys admires so much, whom he would admire still more if he had not been informed of a certain drawback attaching to the lady.

Mrs. Mallet, a great beauty and great heiress from the North, whom Rochester, a man of spirit and watchful of his material interests, carries off one night under her grandfather's nose.

Before embarking the Lord High Admiral felt the need to distinguish himself by a conquest.

He selected my Lady Carnegy, who had had no lack of protectors and did not keep him waiting. But it was written that the Sultan's brother should always be unfortunate in love.

Unfortunate or not, York is victorious: the Dutch lose twelve ships and five thousand men, the English one ship and one thousand men. With amazement mingled with pride, Pepys exclaims: "I have never seen a greater victory." He dares not predict the consequences; once more the events leave him behind, but as it is necessary to celebrate this day by some extraordinary action, he goes to his tailor to purchase a fine silk costume.

MRS. MIDDLETON

Painted by Sir Peter Lely

CHAPTER XX

A SKELETON AT THE FEAST

THE first royal battle, gained by the King's brother and indubitably non-republican, deserves to be celebrated. Yet there is not a bonfire in the streets. The master returns home and his servant accosts him on the threshold: "The house has been visited, Sir." "What! By the plague? Then keep your distance."[1]

The plague was wafted from Holland; at the end of April, 1665, it made its appearance in the City. "It is said that two or three houses are already closed, God preserve us!" exclaims Pepys, but he does not alarm himself unduly yet: the

[1] Ben Jonson, *The Alchemist*, V, 1. Defoe wrote an unforgettable book on the plague of 1665. A sense of horror gradually arises from the dispassionate narrative, and it increases as the corpses are piled high in the charnel-houses and madmen gibber in the midst of the deserted town. But Defoe wrote fifty-seven years after the drama. Pepys informs us of the progress of the plague from day to day.

war and the possession of a watch engage most of his thoughts.[1]

A few days later at Drury Lane he sees houses marked with a red cross and the words: "Lord have mercy upon us!" A doleful spectacle. Afraid to breathe, he buys a stick of tobacco and proceeds to chew it. The heat is great and the contagion spreads. Something more serious happens. Samuel has hired a coach; the driver stops and says he suddenly feels ill and can hardly see. "I took another coach, sad at heart on account of the poor man and of myself also; fearing that he had been smitten by the plague." London gradually empties itself; and its citizens leave the town, carriages, coaches, waggons, all full of people fleeing to the country. And then the question arises: what shall I do with my family? First he sends his mother away. According to the bill of mortality there have only been four deaths in the City: a great favour, but a favour soon withdrawn. In Pall Mall, the house where his friends and himself were wont to meet in

[1] 30th April, 13th May: "But Lord! to see how much of my old folly and childishness hangs upon me still that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand in the coach all this afternoon and seeing what o'clock it is. How could I be so long without one."

Cromwell's time is closed. The weather so favours the disease that it is a marvel how any man who does not avoid his fellows escapes. Pepys practises stoicism: "God prepare me to be smitten!" and sends his wife away. He will be less comfortable without her, although the care of a family is an embarrassment at such a time, and Samuel is left alone in the accursed city. The King, the Court, and the beauties have fled to Hampton Court, following to the letter the precept of the Duchess of Newcastle: "Life is so precious that risks should not be run when there is no honour to be gained." The whole world of fashion only distinguished itself by an order for a monthly fast and a few acts of benevolence; the philosopher Saint-Evrèmond has crossed to the Continent, leaving his papers with his friend Waller; to remain in London would obviously be a stupid way of organizing his happiness and putting it beyond the reach of hazard. Grammont, his pupil, has likewise departed; the plague does not figure among the heroines of Hamilton.[1]

But this active epicureanism is not possible to everybody. Will Pepys fly? Must he be

[1] *Diary*, June and July, 1665. Defoe, *Journal of the Plague Year.*

numbered among those ease-takers who fortify themselves by this verse from antiquity,

Mox, longe, tarde, cede, recede, redi.

A quick departure, a lengthy sojourn, and a belated return.

Or rather has he followed the example of those Dutch merchants who, having transformed their houses into fortresses, would not allow anybody to approach? Courage is not his dominant characteristic; voices in the night or the scratching of a mouse frighten him. If anything grips his imagination, it is fear. Nevertheless, Pepys is present at the extremely scattered meetings of the Navy Office at that period; he has not succumbed to the general panic.

Like Monk and Evelyn, he has remained at his post from a feeling of duty, but also from love of liberty and anxiety to transact certain business. He tranquillizes himself as best he can, and takes pride in having more wine in his cellars than any of his friends. Mrs. Martin is absent, but he consoles himself with Mary of the "Harp and Ball" and a delightful little servant who allows her master to take liberties with her. Sometimes

he has pleasing encounters: one night he hails a boat. The other passenger is a gentleman who is a musical amateur, and on the river, between the double row of plague-stricken houses (there had been more than seven hundred victims that week), the two men sing. Finally there is the dream: Pepys's finest dream occurred in the terrible year. "I had my Lady Castlemaine in my arms and was admitted to use all the dalliance that I desired with her. What a happy thing it would be if when we are in our graves (as Shakespeare resembles it) we could dream and dream but such dreams as this, that then we should not need to be so fearful of death, as we are this plague time."[1]

This night was Pepys admitted to his artificial paradise.

[1] Defoe notes that people were seen in the streets confessing their sins in a loud voice: "I have been a thief, an adulterer." The healthy-minded Pepys makes no public confession.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WEDDING AND THE HARESFOOT

A QUASI-HEROIC attitude has its advantages. Pepys goes from Town to Court and forsakes the drama for the feast. This gives him a certain status in the eyes of the noble fugitives. True there is something lacking at the feast. Each person is afraid of his neighbour, and all of them gloomily inquire about the plague. But when the dread has left them, they return to their pleasures. The maids of honour dress themselves as men, with velvet waistcoats, beribboned hats, and lace bands. The Duke of Monmouth's conduct gives rise to talk: he is the most skittish gallant of his time, always in action, vaulting or leaping or clambering.[1]

The Ministers have no interest in anything that does not relate to money: so long as my Lord Treasurer gets his £8,000 and plays ombre, he

[1] This gallant became a rebel and died on the scaffold in 1685.

is satisfied; my Lord Chancellor only thinks of feathering his nest. Pepys takes a more serious view of things; while pursuing his vocation, he conducts a delicate negotiation: the marriage of Carteret's son with Montagu's daughter, Jemimah.

As a matrimonial broker the Pepys of 1665 shows us an unsuspected side of his character. The young man is awkward and makes the most stupid remarks about love. "I asked him how he liked the young lady and he told me: mightily; but Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did." Pepys, whose training is of such recent date, quickly assumes the rôle of professor of flirtation and instructs the simpleton. The lady must be taken by the hand. "If I find an opportunity to leave you together, you will make her pretty speeches." But his pupil is bashful, the *tête-à-tête* leads nowhere. Then Pepys addresses himself to Jemimah, the frolicsome child of former days, and sounds her feelings. She blushes, hides her face, and says she will obey her parents. There is a notable absence of ardour in all this, but nobody minds that. Carteret and his wife watch with satisfaction the manœuvres of the

go-between, who urges forward here, encourages there, joins hands, and revels in his own importance amid this noble company, in these noble billiard parties with highly placed people. Carteret the son is still as unenterprising as on the first day. Nevertheless the business must be settled: the scourge is at the gate. Hark to the refrains with which Pepys adorns this chapter of sentimental education: at Westminster the dead are being buried in an open field, the cemetery being full; the plague has invaded King Street (the King's own street is not respected); from Whitehall to my house I met two carriages and two waggons, very few people being in the streets; Dr. Burnett's servant is dead of a bubo on the right groin; she had two spots on the right thigh which signifies the plague. The bells toll unceasingly for the dead. I must put my affairs in order; God keep me fit in soul and body. A chaplain with whom I conversed at Carteret's a week or two ago has been attacked by fever and is dead; he was a sober man withal. My boy has headaches which gives me a terrible fright, and I try all means of getting him to leave the house, and there is this knell which is ever sounding.

At length the wedding takes place at Deptford. Samuel wears his silk coat with gold buttons, large lace ruffles, very rich and fine. Jemimah is sad enough. After the ceremony come dinner, supper, and prayers. Samuel goes to see the bridegroom in his room while he is undressing; he kisses the bride in her bed; the curtains are drawn with all the gravity possible, and so good night. This gravity, this decency, pleases Pepys. How much more preferable to the popular putting to bed of the bride.[1]

As a result of contact with people of distinction, Pepys grows in refinement and knows not which to esteem the most in this affair so happily brought to a conclusion, the nobility of his own behaviour, the superb receptions, or the effusive thanks of the parents, and all this without costing him a penny.

In London there are no weddings. All suspect houses have been closed, and watchmen are posted in front, but the stricken people are obsessed with the idea of flight. Mr. Wright's servant has escaped the vigilance of the nurse and runs the

[1] *Diary*, July, 1665. The same Pepys wrote on the 12th April, 1665, "My Lady Pen laid me upon the bed and herself and others one after another upon me and very merry we were."

streets trailing her disease with her. She is caught and put in a pest-coach. A young man observes this coach with drawn blinds, and believing that it contains some lady who would not be seen, he puts his head in the door. "He saw somebody look very ill, and in a silk dress, and stunk mightily." When he learns the state of affairs, he has such a fright that he thinks he is going to die. The weekly death-roll mounts to three thousand. Pepys makes his will again: a man cannot reckon to live more than two days. The Lord Mayor orders the population not to go out after nine o'clock, so as to allow the sick to take the air. The victims are so numerous that interments must take place during the day, the nights not sufficing. Returning late one evening, Pepys encounters in a narrow alley the corpse of a plague-stricken person; henceforth he will take a lantern; from time to time a torch flares, signifying an interment. Another evening he sees a coffin containing a corpse; it has been placed by the door of a house, as the parish had not ordered anybody to bury it, only posting a watchman to keep people away. The scourge makes us deal more harshly with our fellows than with dogs. At the end of

August the bill is six thousand dead, but the exact figure is perhaps ten thousand, as all the poor are not counted and the Quakers will not have the bells tolled for them. Pepys thinks of bidding farewell to the streets of London and emigrating to Woolwich; but at the same time he is getting accustomed to morbid sights and even feels attracted by them: "Walked towards Moorefields to see (God forgive my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave."

In September the Lord Mayor orders fires to be lit to purify the air, and the convoys, one on the heels of the other, pass between a double row of flames and blinding smoke. On the 7th September, six thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight victims are reported. A terrible figure. Pepys suddenly departs for Woolwich. On the 14th he returns, taking care to speak to as few people as possible, for the regulation about the closing of suspect houses is no longer observed. His tour of the town is not cheering: beings who seem to have taken leave of the world, sick persons conveyed in coaches, corpses being fetched away, taverns closed; people that he saw eight days ago dead; the boatman who used daily to ferry him

across the water dead; shambles inspected; the baker and his family dead. Nothing to eat or to drink can be found in London. What shall he do? He cannot go to Woolwich every day, and to remain away from his wife is not desirable. What a pass things have come to. What distress there is around him. Not a boat on the Thames, grass growing in the courtyard of Whitehall, none but poor wretches in the streets, and the Bill of Mortality is now seven thousand one hundred and sixty-five.

September passes amidst fears; the sick and the Dutch prisoners besiege the office night and day. Towards the middle of October the epidemic seems to be abating, yet one meets none but sick or groaning people: so and so is dead or dying; so many are buried here, so many there. There is no longer a doctor in Westminster; only one apothecary remains. Then gradually the pulse of life beats less feebly; although the streets are empty and numerous houses closed, 'Change is full. One still sees the passing of women in tears at the head of a coffin, but, in spite of all, confidence revives. Pepys ventures to return to his old lodging. During these frightful weeks he

has never been ill, and the explanation of this is that he has a charm.

Magic had always been held in honour among the English[1] but the visitation of the Plague was the signal for a veritable outburst of superstition. The charlatans, however numerous, were not able to satisfy their *clientèle;* the populace rushed to their houses, whose signs bore the brazen head of Friar Bacon or that of Merlin the magician. Everybody wanted a talisman, a philtre or an electuary. The evil was exorcized by signs, by papers tied up with so many knots, by words like *Abracadabra* arranged in triangular fashion. Some wore amulets containing toad-spittle, others put in their mouths golden angels struck under Elizabeth, "which is a philosophic gold." The doctors do not offer opposition to these practices. Among them were old ministers deprived of their livings who practised a kind of mystic medicine in order to live.

Pepys has neither gold nor toad-spittle nor

[1] In the seventeenth century forty thousand women were accused of witchcraft in England. Charles II and Dryden had their horoscopes read. Buckingham was addicted to magic. Browne, the author of *Religio Medici*, the greatest mind of his time, believed in the direct intervention of Satan in the affairs of men.

abracadabra, only a haresfoot. It is to this that he attributes his health. "There is nothing surprising in this," Batten tells him, "but the foot must have its joint." Pepys buys another hare and feels immediate benefit. To ward off the little daily troubles, the trifling accidents, he collects the "written charms." Is it a question of staunching blood? Then say: *Sanguis mane in tua vena—Sicut Christus in sua pena.*[1] Or removing a splinter? "Christ was of a virgin born—and he was pricked with a thorn." These orisons are thoroughly Catholic, but the Papists have a particular competency in the province of the marvellous. At the Carteret wedding a guest relates that in France he saw four little girls raise a heavy man with a single finger, after reciting the following formula: "Here is a dead body, stiff as a bastion, cold as marble, light as a spirit. Rise in the name of Jesus Christ." Pepys inquires, "Were they Protestants or Catholics? Protestants—this appeared to me very strange." If calamity overtakes the town, the reason for it must be sought, not in an inadequate police force, but in the date. 1,666 contains 666, and 666 is the number of the Beast.

[1] Blood stay in thy vein as Christ in his pain.

Such is the lore to be culled from a book more than twenty years old, the prophetic book ascribed to Francis Potter.[1]

The times being anarchical, superstition assumes monstrous forms. Spectres appear in the cemeteries. Pepys allows himself some licence. He takes to drink again, which is not contrary to his vow, for those of whom he used to seek advice are, the one, his doctor, dead, and the other, his surgeon, absent. And he drinks so much that a tactful friend warns him that at Court he has the reputation of being a great drunkard. "God, to see how my recent little potations are noticed by the envious to my disadvantage." Betrayed by Bacchus,[2] he turns to other divinities, some of whom only while away the time, like the three young ladies of Rochester "whom he kisses on the mouth," and whose hands he touches; others who have not reached their full development, like that precocious Frances Tooker, who seems to have served as a model for the young girls in Wycherley's comedies; others of maturer years in-

[1] Cf. Defoe. *Les Vrayes Centuries et propheties de Maistre Michel Nostradamus.*

[2] Like Saint Amant who lived in England.

cluding Mrs. Penington, a woman who adores animals to the degree of allowing them to do what they like in her bed but who is none the less tempting and compliant. He likes her hair and makes her let it down in his presence but misses the happy moment.

CHAPTER XXII

PRIZE MONEY

With these ladies, with Mrs. Turner, who when dressing makes him admire her leg, Pepys may retain a spark of innocence, but he loses this spark beyond question in the matter of prize money. My Lord has captured Dutch vessels coming from the East Indies laden with merchandise; without waiting for the Admiralty and the King to recognize his right, he awards himself 2,000 pounds of silk, cinnamon bark, indigo, etc., which he sells to a London merchant through the agency of Pepys, after which he distributes £8,000 of the proceeds among his chief officers. "Very good prizes," exclaims Samuel. For his share he is offered £500, although he asked £600: what easily earned money. In an inn at Gravesend he meets two sailors who have embezzled cloves and muscatels. Pepys buys them, paying in gold, and observes: "To see how silly these men are and easily to be

persuaded." However, he feels some qualms and would not like to deceive these wretches who have had so much trouble in stealing. He suspects that the business may turn out badly, and avoids signing any paper: the captain who is entrusted with the distribution is not sure. My Lord himself appears quite calm; he has rendered an account to the King and the Duke, who have approved it. "You are covered, proceed!"

Pepys stores his wealth, in spite of customs officers who wanted to seize it. His position carries it off. The constable seeks him out in the dark. "Sir, I have the key, and if you would have me do any service for you, send for me betimes to-morrow morning. I will do what you would have me." And Pepys observes: "Whether the fellow do this out of kindness or knavery, I cannot tell, but it is pretty to observe."

The affair gets noised abroad: those who have had no share in the booty protest; certain of the favoured ones discover scruples; the King is dissatisfied and York is severe; as for Monk, he fumes. So My Lord is in bad odour and consequently the subordinate Pepys. The business must be brazened out. "Fear nobody, have the courage of

your conduct, admit no fault, and labour under no anxiety. The King has sanctioned what I did." Thus speaks My Lord, and his famulist is reassured. Coventry makes matters worse. What a mishap. These vessels contained heaps of treasure in utter disorder; pepper sprinkled in every corner and crushed underfoot; cloves and muscatels up to one's knees; cabins crammed with bales of silk and ingots of copper. An expedition worthy of Stevenson, which causes Pepys to exclaim: "The most magnificent sight I have ever seen."

He pockets £500 without raising an eyebrow. The honest fellow even permits himself some sharp words concerning his patron. "My Lord has fallen. His conduct in the business of the prizes has ruined him at Court; and, in fact, to allow a gang of knaves to get off with twice as much as himself is inexcusable. Everybody's blame falls on him and he deserves it." In fact, My Lord loses his post at Court, and is sent as ambassador to Spain. He shows a melancholy face at Court, lets his moustache grow longer than usual, no doubt in token of mourning. The distributions that he had made were condemned, but he remained responsible for the sums he had awarded. On seeing him again,

Pepys cannot forbear remarking: "Poor man." But anxiety for the future is stronger than pity or gratitude. When one is a Navy man and is in the King's good books, it is not advisable to be seen in the company of a disgraced nobleman. "Thanks, my benefactor, thanks . . . but I am not loth to see the back of you."

CHAPTER XXIII

MAN HUNTING

THE English victory is not decisive. Each side recognizes the necessity of preparing for a fresh battle. But the Navy is feeble, what with the wounded, the sick, and the plague-stricken. All whose livelihood depends on the sea or the river are unemployed, caulkers, carpenters, rope-makers, coopers, block-makers, boatmen. The sailors are paid by tickets: the officer on board certifies the work done, the man presents himself at the treasurer's, but all he gets there is fine words. "The poor people depart like lambs and seriously one could not be angered with them if need drove them to wicked acts." The Plague grows and dwindles; stamped out here, it reappears more vigorous there. Pepys's clients die of hunger or of disease in the streets. This moves him to the soul, but he is not open-handed enough to throw them a few scraps from his recent prizes. Gradually the sailors

get out of hand and smash the windows, shouting that they will destroy the office. "The only remedy is money and a rope."

These mutinies do not perturb the Court, where the chief topic of discussion is the new factions, that of the King and that of the Duke. York is overpartial to Mrs. Stuart, but her titular lover has been warned. The Duchess, even the Duchess who since her marriage has not caused a breath of scandal, has "fallen in love" with handsome Harry Sidney. What great happenings. And Samuel, on whose shoulders the burden of the Navy temporarily rests, apostrophizes God: "Pray God continue the plague's decrease; for that keeps the Court away from the place of business work, and so all goes to wrack as to publick matters." This is the prayer at the end of the year, but the new year brings no improvement. Although he feels flattered to show himself in a four-horse carriage in company with his superior, Lord Brouncker, and the latter's mistress, and delights in receiving the salutes of porters and being surrounded by a crowd of mendicants; although he sees London repeopling itself and shops re-opening; although he can admire the new blue tint in his bedroom, his

British heart fails on hearing it openly said, while crossing the cemeteries ridged with the dead, that the King will not return until Lady Castlemaine has been delivered.

At length Whitehall again knows its tenants, and Pepys, who has turned pietist in his solitude, again breathes the effluvium of the world of fashion. Once more he sees his *passion*, clad in black, with simple head-dress and without black spots. "I would never have believed that she could look so ordinary." It is said that the virtue of Mrs. Stuart has been definitely overcome, and the King no longer looks to the proud Vashti to complete his collection of bastards. It is fair to add that at intervals Charles II gives his attention to the War. Monk has command of the fleet, and with him is Prince Rupert, a brave corsair, but a man of unbalanced mind. What is lacking are men to man the boats; consequently the impressment of seamen is decreed, and the men are taken without any formality, the moment when they are drunk being chosen for preference. "But Lord, to see how the poor fellows kiss their wives and sweethearts." Neither are the chiefs any more warlike. Monk makes the crew laugh when he cries to the

helmsman, "Face about to the left!" Mulgrave entered at seventeen years of age, passed six weeks on board, leading the life of noble captains whose chief occupation is to drink hard, while the boat remained in charge of the master who despised these sailors in lace.[1]

Pepys makes war in his own way by observing everything. Fighting has been going on since the 1st June. On the 4th he learns that two sailors wish to speak to him; one of them is his subordinate Daniel, whose face is black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, tar and powder, and with his right eye stopped with oakum, a man who has come out of the furnace. Pepys seizes hold of him, puts him in a coach and conducts him to the King. The sailor describes the battle as he saw it, like every veracious warrior. The impression is favourable, the King gives money, and while the poor Daniel (whose wife Pepys in other times has assiduously courted) is having his eye attended to, the general inspector of victualling is going about the town and the club, relating things in his turn. For three days he knows the intoxication of popu-

[1] *Diary*, 2nd June, 1665. Macaulay, *Hist.*, 1.47. Cf. Smollett, *Roderick Random*.

larity. He is the man who knows and who is to be depended on for reassuring news. At church everybody looks at him; in the street muskets are fired in his honour. Is he not to a slight extent the organizer of the victory? But on the 7th he sings another tune. The truth begins to dawn. "I do find great reason to think that we are beaten in every respect." In fact, this four days' battle is not an English victory. The fleet is divided; Monk was obliged to give way before superior forces; his captains had abandoned him and made for shelter to repair their ships.

Disaster was imminent when Rupert arrived. On the fourth day an effort was made to restart the battle, but the Dutch retired, more satisfied with themselves than were the English. There was no reason to be proud.

Monk wrote that he had never had worse officers under him, that hardly one in twenty had acquitted himself like a man. Personally he had done all in his power; this landsman had the knack of naval tactics, and an eye-witness, a Frenchman, admired his fine order of battle. As for Rupert, on the day of the engagement he had a bellyful, and justified this conduct by saying: "God damn me,

if they will turn out every man that will be drunk, they must turn out all the commanders in the fleet. What is the matter if he be drunk, so when he comes to fight he do his work."

At Whitehall there is consternation, and depression is followed by a fit of nerves. The Queen says to Lady Castlemaine that she fears the King will catch cold through staying so long with her. The lady answers that she has no hand in the matter, and that the King must go elsewhere. Charles II, who is generally pacific, flies into a rage and takes the favourite aside: "You are an impudent woman. Leave the Court until I recall you." She obeys, muttering threats that she will publish the letters he has written her. York has left Mrs. Stuart for Mrs. Denham, but the latter will not consent to clandestine relations. She wants to be an acknowledged mistress, and Brouncker acts as mediator. Affairs resume their old course: these ladies and gentlemen not knowing what to do with themselves, stay in bed.

The blot on the royal escutcheon must be wiped out. But the best of the sailors have fallen, Christopher Mings, for example, shoemaker's son and ex-cabin boy risen to be captain. The latter

LOUISE DE QUEROUALLE

DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH

Painted by Sir Peter Lely

astonishes Pepys by the frankness with which he speaks of his origins; to have a shoemaker for father and not hide it seemed incredible to the tailor's son. Mings was liked by his men and when he died a dozen of them waited on Coventry: "We want to avenge our commander. All we have are our lives. Let His Royal Highness give us a fire-ship, choose a captain for us, and we will obey him." Coventry was touched, and Pepys could hardly keep back his tears.

But this avails nothing. Mings had no social standing and died a poor man; in a few months his name would be forgotten. As such zealots as Mings's disciples are rare, Pepys is ordered to continue the impressment. It is distressing work: "I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of men that were brought one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moonlight, that it grieved me to the heart to hear them. Besides to see poor patient labouring men and housekeepers leaving poor wives and families,

taken up on a sudden by strangers, was very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny.[1]"

It almost seems as if at this moment Pepys is opening his heart to the people, that heart which is weighted with the anxieties of his career and captivated by the mirage of the Court. He has not seen a battle like Daniel or Pen, who returns with a halo of glory, but is affected by the consequences. The victims again mutiny and these "Bridewell birds" have to be coaxed, the leaders put in a cage, and the troop hastily embarked. In the streets there are only women, the men hiding for fear of the press; but these women are themselves dangerous. They besiege the office, and Pepys dares not send a venison pie to the baker's to be cooked lest a misfortune should befall this precious object on the journey.

The national pride endeavours to console itself with a few lucky captures that are designated victories. "Nothing much to boast of, God knows it is only the fools who magnify this business." The Plague seems extinguished in London, but has spread to the environs, and the tide flows back to the capital: "It is now the receptacle of all those

who come from infected districts, God preserve us!" His health is not so good, the haresfoot ceases to be efficacious, and in his moments of transport the pale spectre of the plague comes between Mrs. Bagwell and him.[1]

There were seventy thousand victims of the Plague. Only ten thousand four hundred victims succumbed to the Plague of 1635.

[1] *Diary*, June, July 3rd, August, 1666. He was more courageous when the plague was at its zenith.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE GREAT FIRE

Really the year 1666 could furnish fine themes for Puritan sermons. In rapid sequence came the Plague, the War, and the Great Fire.

On the 2nd September, at three o'clock in the morning, Pepys is awakened by his servant; fire has broken out in the City and three hundred houses are burning. He goes to the Tower; the fire spreads: instead of trying to extinguish it, people only think of saving their goods; pigeons fly against windows and balconies and fall to the ground with roasted wings. There is only one thing to do, says Pepys, pull down houses. The King approves and the Lord Mayor is sent for. He appears, looking disconsolate, and with a handkerchief round his neck. "God, what can I do? I am spent. The people will not obey me." Along the Thames, warehouses of pitch, tar, oil, and brandy catch fire; unfortunate people pass through the streets laden

like beasts of burden; the sick are carried in their beds. Pepys does not fail to observe that valuable articles float on the ditches. Having given his advice, he recovers himself and looks about him as much as he can, for when his worthy face is turned to the wind, it is scorched by a shower of sparks. In the evening, upon the steeples between churches and houses rises a horrid malicious flame quite unlike the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Soon it becomes an immense arch which projects over the bridge and envelops the hill. From the vantage point of an ale-house Samuel listens to the crackling of the flames and the noise of crumbling houses. The tragedy of the spectacle overcomes him: so much wealth, *his* city . . . and he weeps. The conflagration approaches the office; he must think of himself, and prepares for his retreat.

In dressing-gown, perched on a coach, he proceeds to put his money and his plate in a safe place, then digs a hole in his garden and buries his wine and his Parmesan cheese (this was Batten's excellent idea).

Reassured on the score of his treasures, he takes a stroll. The glowing sky is an awful sight, enough to make a man lose his head; to the various noises

is added that caused by the explosion of houses; the ground burns underfoot and roasts the soles of the foot. Although tormented by several uncomfortable nights and somewhat hungry, he continues his tour amidst visions of desolation and the smell of hot oil and brimstone. Not a single statue on 'Change is left standing; Joyce's house is on fire; he picks up a piece of melted stained-glass window; a cat emerges from a chimney hole with its fur all scorched, alive still.[1]

Pepys has forgotten the day of the week; less healthy minds than his become unhinged. There is talk of a French plot; it is dangerous for a foreigner to be abroad. The only people who are light-hearted are the workmen who try to narrow the area of fire; barrels of sugar are rolling and ripping up along the street; they throw handfuls of sugar in the ale, "all as drunk as devils." Saint Paul's has fallen in, roof and choir; the house of Pepys the elder has suffered a like fate, and still the fire does not abate. The hand of the Frenchman is in all this, Pepys begins to think, and also

[1] *Evelyn.* "All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, a resemblance of Sodom. The stones of St. Paul's flew like grenades, melting lead running down the streets in streams, the very pavements glowing with fiery redness."

the incapacity of the Lord Mayor. No more good cheer; too many strangers at church, melancholy sermons, women who moan and not one of whom is pretty. A curse has fallen on the parish. One pastor declares that the City is reduced from a grand folio to a decimo-tertio. Pen alone preserves his joviality, but his humour strikes his colleague as being singularly ill-timed. Eventually the fire is put out. Samuel disinters his wine and cheese, puts everything in its proper place, shaves his week's growth of beard, and exclaims: "Lord, how ugly I was yesterday and how fine to-day." He goes to see Mrs. Bagwell and Mrs. Martin . . . then, his serenity restored, calculates other people's losses. At least £600,000 of income: never have citizens suffered ruin on such a scale, especially the booksellers about St. Paul's and those of Christ Church; no Latin or foreign books can be found.[1]

[1] *Diary*, 15th, 25th, 26th September, October 5th. Cf. Ford. Clarendon 460, 471. Burnett II, 33. A whole fugitive literature of manuscripts, novels, and plays perished under the roofs of St. Paul's. According to Burnett twelve thousand houses were destroyed.

CHAPTER XXV

FASHION AND SONG

The moralists said: "The favour of God restored us a Prince and a Church. God sent these calamities to punish a dissolute court. Will it take the lesson to heart? Will it reform its manners?" Pepys provides the answer: it reformed its clothes.

The learned Mr. Evelyn, a great traveller and Samuel's friend, had just written a book against the invasion of French fashions. "A French tailor with his measure in his hand resembles the enchantress Circe transforming the companions of Ulysses." Gloves come from the Frenchman Marital; masks from the Frenchwoman Madame Charette; fans and miniature-cases from Paris. French garters are cried in the Strand. The ribbon knot worn by a fashionable lady is called an *assassin* or a *venez à moi*. Look at this fop crossing Westminster Hall; he is "a pretty study in silk"; he is so profusely adorned that he gives one the

impression of having plundered six shops; he is decorated like a May-pole and might be a frigate before the wind. Let us become ourselves again. Why dance only to the sound of the flageolet of a *monsieur* when we have a couple of English violins for our concert? Then there is the peremptory argument of economy: French fashions constitute one of France's best sources of revenue; they empty as many pockets as they cover backs. The Puritans approved. They denounced provocative fashions and excessive display of neck; they compiled treatises against powder for the hair and feathers for the hat; vice was personified as a woman with open corset and wearing fantastic spots on her face. Milton remained a Puritan with corded shoes, and Pepys with buckled shoes, in which fact consists all the difference.[1]

Charles II had little cause to be pleased with his dear brother, Louis XIV, who had favoured Holland and led England to a diplomatic defeat. Public opinion accused the French and the Papist

[1] Clarendon III, 474. Evelyn, *The Tyrant of Fashion. Diary*, 10th October, 1666. The mode of applying black spots had a sentimental meaning . . . they were majestic in the centre of the forehead, passionate at the corner of the eye . . . later the meaning was political. On the right signified Whig and on the left Tory.

party of having set fire to the Protestant city: the moment was well timed for an outbreak of austerity and nationalism. On the 15th October, 1666, the new Court fashion is launched: a long black cassock close to the body and pinked with white silk under it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; an English adaptation of the Persian fashion, commended by Mr. Evelyn. The King had said "this fashion is final," but the courtiers wagered otherwise, and they proved to be right. As this black on white makes them all look like magpies, the King drops the white and wears a black velvet; a month later at a ball everybody is attired in gold and silver colours as before. And poor Mr. Evelyn is distressed. "It was a pleasing and virile dress, too simple to last. We cannot seriously abandon for any length of time the vanities of *monsieur*." But was this unfortunate reformer aware that, out of contempt, the King of France had clothed his lackeys in the fashion of the King of England?

Austerity was really out of place. The general feeling was: we have had a lucky escape, let us rejoice. Each does rejoice in his own way; some put a toad in their glass and drink; others, like

York, run after the maids of honour; Elizabeth buys rich stuffs, exactly like those Lady Castlemaine bought before her; Pepys agreeably combines music with love. One December night, at the height of the Plague, he had heard an actress, Mrs. Knepp, singing, and listened almost in ecstasy. Mrs. Knepp is pretty enough, but tied up to "a brute of a husband, a jockey with an ill and melancholy face," but the charming way she trills popular airs completely conquers Samuel. He makes her acquaintance, and they meet in the name and to the sound of music. Whole evenings he listens to her open-mouthed, and when she tells him that his famous song, *Beauty Retire*, is mightily cried up, he is beside himself with pride. The evening finished, his delight is not over, for the lady, who is not shy, does not rebuff his overtures when he conducts her in a coach. This is not all. Knepp reveals to him the mysteries of the theatre; he is admitted to the secret of the boxes and the machinery; here is a wooden leg, there a ruff, here a wooden horse, there a crown. One could die of laughing at some of the things. And the actors. How splendid they look behind the footlights and what poor things they are, ill-dressed and gross,

when seen at close quarters. Thus the ingenuous, still ingenuous, Pepys gathers experience. He suspects that these duets with Knepp are dangerous: "I do really enjoy myself, and understand that if I do not do it now I shall not hereafter, it may be, be able to pay for it, or have health to take pleasure in it."

These are surprising sentiments from such a wise and managing man. Ah! Mrs. Knepp, you alone have done more to lead astray this honest official than the too complaisant Martin and the Puritan Bagwell put together. But you knew how to touch the sensitive fibre of his sluggish soul. Mrs. Pepys begins to get jealous: she is left at home too much and complains that her husband displays an excessive taste for the society of *artistes*. Our hero does not excite himself, and for the sake of peace decides to go and see Mrs. Knepp at home; he finds her in the act of dressing, but the husband is there; the inspector of victualling does not persist: jockeys like Mr. Knepp are not of such accommodating dispositions as paymasters like Mr. Martin.

The songstress becomes pregnant. The visits, the little routs, the musical evenings are suspended.

Then to console himself for the absence of his mistress, Samuel embarks upon new conquests: that of a young married woman, Betty Michell, whom he has known from infancy and whom he used to call "his second wife" (this creates rights of which he is not slow to avail himself); of Doll Lane, who is as approachable as her sister, Mrs. Martin. And the jargon reappears in the Diary.

In spite of his amorous preoccupations, Pepys has not neglected the review of affairs at the end of the year, and the 31st December, 1666, evoked melancholy thoughts. The outlook is gloomy: seamen discouraged and ungovernable; no fleet for next year; the Dutch and the French growing more powerful; Parliament suspicious; the City in ruins; ministers who snore instead of working; drunken Members who interrupt debate; a King who pays the debts of his mistress and leaves the Navy to starve. And to add one more calamity to this tale of woe, Lady Denham, to whom the Duke of York was wholly devoted, is poisoned. Public opinion accuses her husband, an old scoundrel who, having no country house in which to shut up his wife, "sent her on a long journey without stirring from London." York, harassed by ill-luck, declares that he

will never have a public mistress again, and Pepys, who has only private mistresses, heaves a virtuous sigh: "which I shall be glad of and would the King would do the like."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE REBOUND

One of Milton's biographers observed that after the Restoration the English skull underwent a change: an astonishing protuberance appeared above the nape of the neck. This is excellent literary phrenology of which Samuel will furnish an illustration. Whatever harvests Death may reap, the swelling does not go down. Calm returns to the half-destroyed city, and the theatres re-open. Knepp is relieved of her burden and Pepys follows her in her evolutions on the boards. In truth she has all the graces: see her in peasant's costume, a large straw hat on head—you would not recognize her. What a dainty rogue! After the performance he conducts her to the office, and there she dances and sings; after supper, which is a delightful repast, Knepp, who is tired, sleeps at the house. The happy Samuel has the privilege of waking her,

fondling her the while, and then they start singing again.

In this state of intoxication lives the virtuous citizen of the 31st December. His glance only lights on pleasant objects: Mercer, whom he likes for her voice and her delightful bust; Mrs. Pierce, who is a beauty; Lady Castlemaine, of whom it can only be regretted that she is not as good as she is beautiful; finally Nell Gwynn, a pretty girl of seventeen, whom he has had the happiness of kissing, a charming little soul who acts ravishingly. The latter is called to a high destiny: born in a slum, daughter, not of a superior officer, but of a captain turned fruit-seller and a drunken slut, at twelve years of age she was an orange-seller at the theatre. At sixteen she was promoted from the pit to the stage, and her grandson will be a bishop.

Pepys openly admires this enchanting creature; on this May morning when she appears in smock sleeves and bodice on her doorstep looking at the milkmaids with garlanded pails who are dancing to the sound of violins, and on those March evenings when she plays incomparably in the new play by Mr. Dryden, this fat Mr. Dryden, who was a

NELL GWYNN

Painted by Sir Peter Lely

contemporary of Samuel at Cambridge, and is on the way to being foremost poet of England.

The following are samples of Pepys's inexhaustible chatter.

For now we have an English theatre. Mr. Etheredge, who has lived in France, tried to impose on us a classic comedy constructed on the model of Paris and of a certain Molière, but this is none of our business. We grant the rhyme, because our King became accustomed to it in his exile, although it spoils the sense, but this is the limit of our concessions.[1]

What specially tickles our palates as survivors of revolutions is the heroic and majestic play, with Roxolanas, Zempoallas, and the spoils of the Abencerages; or, again, fairyland and the opera—charming pretexts for spectacular displays. Mr. Dryden provides us with all this, and knows how to combine the gravity of our nation with the gaiety of the other nation, coupling the mastiff and the greyhound. In his early days he knew adversity and for some time was in servitude to a bookseller; but

[1] Apropos of Dryden's *Indian Queen*. *Diary*, 1st February, 1664, 29th October, 1666; 6th February, 1668. Cf. Gosse, op. cit. XIII. Saintsbury, *Dryden*, 18.

Lady Castlemaine encouraged him. While the Plague and the Fire were with us, he worked at Charlton (what could he have done in London?) and brought us a pretty tragi-comedy, *The Virgin Queen* which the King particularly liked, as well he might, for Nell and the young Marshall did wonders in the acting of it, and I am never tired of Florimel and of Celadon.

Sometimes Shakespeare is revived, but we could do without plays of this kind. *Othello*, which we consider a very good play, cuts a sorry figure beside *The Five Hours' Adventure* by Mr. Tucke. This is a comedy if you like, where the interest does not languish and where the plot is unravelled with the aid of Spanish ribbon. Fortunately these old plays have been brought up to date by skilful people who have done their work well; a gloomy tragedy like *Macbeth* becomes quite agreeable with pantomimic effects; but the masterpiece is a fairy scene, *The Tempest*, which has been revised by Mr. Dryden and Mrs. Davenant: there is not much in the story, but the music is by Mr. Banister: there is the echo which repeats half the lines, the decorations, the skies, the sea, violins, harpsichord, and theorbos, which accompany the voice. A magni-

ficent spectacle. As to *The Taming of the Shrew* or *The Merry Wives*, I do not take much pleasure in them. Parts are good, but the whole effect is poor.

Experiments are made with French tragedies, notably those of M. Corneille. I once read *Le Vaillant Cid* with interest, but it does not make a good play; Betterton and Ianthe exhibited all their talent but in vain; nobody was amused; the King and Queen who were there did not smile once. I remarked in *Heraclius* a dramatic dialogue between two persons alleged to be heirs to a crown; the Roman costumes are splendid; when the curtain rises it reveals the Emperor surrounded by his people in different motionless attitudes. I had never admired anything so much. Moreover, a little girl declaimed the epilogue most prettily; it is a pity that her legs were in hoops, like all the other women. *Pompey* is nothing out of the way, either in style or plot. *Horace* is a stupid tragedy; fortunately the excellent Lacy has composed a farce for each interval and he also supervises the dancing. A Dutchman pops out of the mouth and the tail of a Hamburg sow.

My wife is as fond of these French plays as she

is of this *Grand Cyrus*, which she keeps dinning in my ears, and which is natural enough in view of her birth. As for me, while Mr. Dryden and the others are engaged in producing enough to satisfy our requirements, I prefer revivals of the works of my old Ben Jonson, the delight of my youth: *The Alchemist*, a comedy which remains incomparable with the passage of the years; *Bartholomew Fair*, which a short while ago I thought a little too profane and harmful for Puritans, since when I have become less strict; above all *The Silent Woman*, the best comedy that had ever been written; it contains more wit than ten new plays.

But whether the play be English or French, from the old or the new repertory, I desiderate *hors d'œuvre* in the form of prologues and epilogues. When Miss Davis dances the jigg and Nell Gwynn appears disguised as a boy, I am in transports. I like to see legs before returning home.

CHAPTER XXVII

DISCORD

Deprived for so long of lyrical enjoyment, Pepys plunges into a bath of melodies. In the evening by moonlight he sings with Mercer until Elizabeth reminds him it is the 30th January, the day of fasting and mourning for the death of Charles I; then sadly he ceases and proceeds to play cards. In this harmonious state of mind he cannot tolerate anything going wrong. His mother dies, her last words being: "God bless my poor Sam," and Sam weeps, buys a black coat and two new periwigs; his heart is heavy but his mind is easy. The next day, on visiting the manager of a dockyard, he is extraordinarily merry, "too merry for me whose mother died so lately, but they know it not, so cannot reproach me therein, though I reproach myself."

A more regrettable discord occurs at the singing

lesson. Mrs. Pepys insists on singing herself, but her ear is so bad that Samuel flies into a passion; his pupil weeps, and then the professor says to himself: "I shall not discourage her so much again but will endeavour to make her understand the sense." But how can the facts of nature be altered? Sensible of her inferiority, Elizabeth makes a scene about her husband's artistic friends. It is agreed that she is to have as much as her husband gives to others. She persists in wearing fair ringlets in imitation of Mrs. Stuart; Pepys cannot tolerate her in this guise; he swears and clenches his fists. A compromise is suggested: if he will give her the money to pay for her second mourning, she will give up the ringlets. She refuses. She will only consent if he himself promises not to see Knepp—and, in truth, observes the candid Sam, "she hath more reason to suspect me than I had heretofore of Pembleton."

The couple go to dine in the French manner at an ordinary kept by Monsieur Robins, the periwig maker, who serves a good *bœuf à la mode*, but this is only a respite. The wife returns to the charge: she is not free to dress herself as she likes, and again there are high words. But her husband has a

way with him; he buries himself in a book, Boyle's *Hydrostaticks*, and lets the storm pass.[1]

After the intoxicating moments when, perched on the summit of his soul, Pepys is carried off into fairy clouds where impalpable divinities hover, he falls flat into the wretchedness of daily life. He finds it distressing to go out in the evening among the ruins; to see sailors dying of hunger under his eyes; to have to admit that a fleet cannot be launched and that peace must be had at any price; to observe the ridiculous incidence of the taxes—with his title of esquire, his posts, and his family, he is only taxed £40 17s.—it is shameful not to pay more. But this is by no means all: he must also keep on good terms with Pen who is false as the devil; support that ignoble Brouncker who has dared to say that "Mr. Pepys could not have honestly come by his two silver flagons"; and finally quarrels with Elizabeth, who really has many good points—did she not formerly with her own hands

[1] *Diary:* 13th September, 1665; 1st, 6th, 27th, 28th March, 11th, 12th May, 4th, 29th June, 1667. When the tune is not wrong, it is the words which cause a quarrel: as when Elizabeth tries to sing a French song "D'un air tout interdict," Dryden had a similar sort of wife. "I wish I were a book; you would then pay attention to me." "Then, my dear, I beg you to be an almanac so that I can change you at the end of the year." Saintsbury, *Dryden*, p. 180.

wash their poor clothes in the attic of My Lord's house? But music has a more earthly influence on Pepys and stimulates his appetites. Gradually this Londoner of the seventeenth century develops into a furtive Casanova. He is not a braggart of lewdness, but rather a shamefaced wanton. He avows with regret that his mind dwells on bad passions; but his expressions of tenderness are more ardent; he loves Betty Michel "de toute my corazon," is quite full of her the afternoon, the night, and the next day. The servant of Mr. Griffin, the usher, has a roman nose and a "bonne body," he will try to "voir her aliquando." He follows women in the street, but lacks courage at the decisive moment, and cannot find the needful word. At church all he thinks of is to gaze at the beauties with his "perspective glass," and, the sermon over, goes to find the convenient Martin; he becomes a maniac about breasts—those of Mercer, of Nell his servant, even of Pen's newly married daughter. This persistent desire leads him into embarrassing situations. He is almost caught red-handed on an adulterous excursion by Mr. Michell. Mrs. Martin announces that she is pregnant by him; her husband must return to her, but he is at sea. An-

other day he explains to his wife as best he can his warmth "de body and of animi" after a prolonged visit from Mrs. Daniel. At times he is seriously perturbed about the dangers of the game he is playing, but matters right themselves somehow, and the game is restarted "en gayeté de cœur."

Things do not go so well with Charles II. This worthy prince begins to be bad-tempered because disorder has broken out amongst his women. Mrs. Stuart wants to end matters: she had got all she could out of the King, submitting to his love in order to improve her fortune and her very restricted means, but this was not a settlement. Lady Castlemaine reigned and the Queen lived. Stuart then gives ear to the Duke of Richmond, a drunkard who cuts a poor figure at Court. One evening the King finds her wide awake in bed and at her pillow the Duke, who is less sleepy still. The monarch loses patience; Mrs. Stuart talks of entering a convent, and throws herself at the Queen's feet: virtue, penitence and repentance, "the whole mingled with an honest quantity of tears." Pepys was unaware of these details. The story told the town is the noblest romance that ever was—Frances Stuart has found salvation; she

perceived that she could not remain at Court any longer without prostituting herself to its august master and had already given the world too much cause to think badly of her.

Consequently she will show that she seeks nothing but her honour, and will not appear at Whitehall again except to kiss the hand of her mistress, the Queen. As a faithful subject, she asks the King's permission to get married, returns him his presents, his jewels (she has £6,000 worth, says Pepys with admiration); and one fine day the Duke carries off his fiancée without asking anyone's leave. Worthy, brave lady. Never did woman do such an honourable act.

Is this aureole deserved? Or was this a passing reflection of La Vallière on the face of Mrs. Stuart? Hamilton, who knew her well, does not credit so much virtue; the damsel was roguish and fond of lively stories; Hamilton delighted her "in detailing the favours which she bestowed on him in a dream," but she was ambitious and wanted to be the first mistress, if not more. From that time she played Lucrece, and my Lady Castlemaine gibed at the new-found chastity of the inhuman Stuart. For Evelyn, on the other hand, she is honesty itself,

and Pepys adopts this opinion. But the reasons he gives are at least surprising: the King remained attached to Lady Castlemaine, and as he never has two mistresses at once, he would have broken with her if he had obtained any favour from Mrs. Stuart. This betrays a certain simplicity on the part of the excellent Evelyn: the Merry Monarch was quite capable of having several intrigues on hand at once. The truth is that on this occasion his philosophy deserted him. He has just chosen Frances as model for Britannia on the new medals to perpetuate his renown, and she gets married. To his sister, who says a word in favour of the new duchess, he replies: "I assure you that her behaviour towards me has been as bad as a breach of faith or friendship." Faith, friendship: these are brave words for the Court. Whatever Clarendon thinks of it, it is said that he favoured the marriage, it is probable that Frances of the fine legs brought to her duke a somewhat impaired innocence. Nothing smells worse than a rotten lily.[1]

[1] *Diary*, 3rd, 16th, 26th April, 1667. Hamilton, 346–361. Clarendon, III.

CHAPTER XXVIII

RELAPSE

On the 10th June, 1667, the Dutch Fleet appeared in the mouth of the Thames. This rouses the protectors of Stuart, Gwynn, Knepp and others. Orders are despatched for the launching of fire-ships; the young gentlemen depart to lead the militia—"they will only debauch the country-women," remarks the disillusioned Pepys. On the 11th he learns that Ruyter has occupied Sheerness after two or three hours of battle. We are invaded, and the drum beats all night. The next day the news is still more serious: the Dutch have broken the boom at Chatham, burning the finest English vessels, notably the *Royal Charles*. "We are lost." Samuel ushers his father and his wife into his room and explains the position: the office is a dangerous post, and it is necessary to put his property in a safe place. Elizabeth and the tailor carry away the gold in a night-bag, and the

remaining articles of value are distributed among friends. What will the Dutchman do? Where is he? We are all in the dark. The banks are besieged. Will the people cut our throats, us of the Navy? The sailors refuse to fight when they are not paid, and yet the Exchequer has as much money as is ready to break down the floor. The women intervene: "All this comes of your not paying our husbands." English deserters on board Dutch vessels shout: "We fought before for tickets, now we fight for dollars." In the shipping yards the disorder is at its height: even those who receive their wages are not working. In the streets people cry out for a Parliament; hiss the Chancellor, smash the windows of his house, and erect a gibbet in front of his door bearing the words: "Dunkirk, Tangier, a barren Queen." Treachery and popery are at the back of all this. The French are landing, and the King's favourites are ready to surrender us. On their side the Puritans are agitating. All kinds of vessels are sunk, laden or empty, and the forts have ceased firing because their powder has given out.

In his office, guarded by a sentinel, Pepys congratulates himself on being out of danger and do-

ing good work for the King. These gloomy days put him in mind of the recent catastrophes; he testifies that he had done all his duty and draws up a new will. Alone in the evening, with a heavy heart, he plays the flageolet, doubtless to scare away the devil, as Luther did with his flute. The Dutch do not know how to take advantage of the surprise, and the militia prevent a landing. Nevertheless the foreigner's hand has almost touched the sacred ark, "the most terrible sight that English eyes have ever seen, a dishonour that cannot be wiped out," says Evelyn.

Pepys does not speak in these accents. Reassured, he proceeds to calculate the damage; as many good boats have been sunk as would have made us masters of the sea! He admires the new fortifications, but it does not occur to him that they are belated. He endeavours to see the precise spot where the boom was broken, notes that only one man was killed at Chatham, and that if there was any plundering, "it was to our disgrace on the part of the English and not of the Dutch." There are other disgraces: to want of foresight was added cowardice. One nobleman who played the bully and to whom was given command of the

Tower, declared it was untenable. Officers used the boats to remove their own furniture instead of the King's property. Scapegoats are required. Carteret was suspected, and now they suspect Brouncker, who is under arrest at his house; "a weak man for the work he has on his back," says Pepys scornfully. But leaner game offers itself. The commissioner Pett of the Chatham Dockyard, on being arraigned, answers ingenuously that he wanted to save his models of boats, the loss of which would have been more serious for the King than that of the boats themselves. This provokes laughter, but a lord sums up the situation: "If you are not guilty, we shall all be." Pett is led away prisoner, followed by Pepys, his books and papers under his arm, smiling lest he should be thought to be a prisoner too.

The Dutch have attained their object: to oblige the King to make peace. The whole of England demands it after the invasion of Chatham; there is no more coal, and how can it be fetched from Newcastle? The rumour runs that even on the day when Ruyter was burning the English fleet, the gracious sovereign supped with my Lady Castlemaine at the Duchess of Monmouth's and

was highly diverted in chasing a poor butterfly. He takes ten times more trouble to reconcile his mistresses than to save his kingdom, and is treated with contempt. Buckingham, who is supposed to be in the Tower, dines publicly in a tavern telling his gaolers that he will send for them when he has finished his meal. Lady Castlemaine pleads for him with such ardour that a quarrel breaks out between her and her royal lover. "You are a fool to meddle with what does not concern you." . . . "You are a fool. If you were not one, you would not let your business be managed by imbeciles who know nothing about it, and imprison your best servants."[1]

She is once more pregnant, and the King does not want to recognize the child. "God damn me. You will recognize him. He will be baptized in the chapel at Whitehall, or I will knock his brains out under your eyes." Thus speaks Medea-Castlemaine, and Charles II asks pardon on his knees. The King of France was made of sterner stuff.

Peace is signed at Breda on the 21st July. England comes out of it with a slender amount of self-respect, but with the supremacy of the flagship.

[1] *Diary*, 10th–30th June, 27th–30th July. The imbecile is Clarendon.

Pepys, the corypheus of the people, grumbles: this peace is made to leave the King to his amours and indulgences; on the other hand, we could not continue the War; the Dutch are superior to us in everything: wisdom, courage, knowledge of our rivers. What we want is more religion, work and method. The King flies to the one and the other haphazard, but the moment he sees a woman, his self-control goes. Parliament is convened, and will no doubt "put its nose in our business." It demands an account of the money expended, and Buckingham, fishing for popularity, declares that what is wanted is an inquiry and all the information possible. Here is York, who, not content with relapsing into debauchery, is on the way to becoming a general and having an army; this, Parliament and the country will never tolerate. A standing army. We have already had experience of this . . . and by a natural turn of thought Pepys evokes the image of his old idol; a phantom Cromwell rears itself above miseries that are too real. Ah! he was a brave fellow who owed his crown only to himself, a rebel who won glory for us.[1]

In his day every man thought of his work, either

[1] 8th February, 3rd June, 1667.

out of fear or out of religion. And now what do we see? Idle coxcombs "armed with pistols and folly"; gentlemen who kill each other for trifles; lewd archbishops who weep when someone carries off their mistresses;[1] drunken and blasphemous bishops; rogues raised to dignities because of their alliance with favourites; people who only live by corruption; lastly a prince who, having returned amidst the love of his people and the greatest tokens of loyalty and goodwill, lost it all in the twinkling of an eye: a miracle of rapidity. Nemesis is upon us. The King might well listen politely to sermons against adultery (by this sin David caused the loss of his people); he does not reform. It is enough to make one despair of the nation's welfare.

Is he not a prophet, that half-naked Quaker who, with a dish of burning brimstone on his head, cries out in Westminster Hall: "Repent! Repent!"

[1] Sedley carried off one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's women. The Archbishop claimed her, saying she was a relative. And Sedley replies: "A pox take His Grace! I believe he finds himself too old, and is afraid that I should outdo him among his girls, and spoil his trade."

CHAPTER XXIX

MEN OF SCIENCE: AND A WOMAN OF LETTERS

During the Cromwellian revolution people of quality, having no Court to attend, devoted themselves to chemistry, mechanics, and the natural sciences. When peace was restored the same people, having found consolation in these studies, were not disposed to show their ingratitude by abandoning them, and in 1662, under the double influence of the King and the *savants*, the Royal Society was founded.

Samuel cannot pass the new academy without staring at its sign. He was possessed of a lively curiosity, made good use of his eyes and his ears, and was the universal reporter, but his critical faculty was not great. If the matter in hand is chemical glasses, it is a "great mystery"; if it is the corpse of a young negro dried in an oven; the best method of preserving fish; or the solidity of plaster of Paris, Samuel is inevitably present.

You have not a sceptic before you, but an honest man who listens and does not verify; incidentally he is a collector of monstrosities. Travellers relate to him the most extravagant stories; imperturbably, he records them, and for the chronicler it is a stroke of luck.[1]

When the Royal Society was organized, he had no rest until he was admitted; there men were to be met whose conversation was edifying. True enough, the King said that at Gresham College they passed their time weighing the air; the King made a joke of it, and for the moment Samuel is crestfallen. But the institution remains in existence; the brightest minds deem it an honour to belong to it. Samuel, there is no cause for hesitation.

It is a fine day. The hall is long and wainscoted. Before the fireplace is a large square table, flanked by seven or eight chairs covered with grey cloth, and two rows of bare wooden benches. Samuel advances, signs his name in the register; the President, Brouncker, takes his hand, says a few words of welcome, and he is a "member." He proceeds

[1] *Diary*, cf. 11th April, 1661, negroes become white. 25th September, 1662, Portuguese closets. 11th December, 1663, Koenigsberg fish. 17th August, 1666, Siamese customs.

to sit on a bench, not on a chair, the chairs being reserved for persons of quality, but he pays his score. The President takes a wooden mace in his hand with which he strikes the table to obtain silence. The Secretary proposes the day's experiments, and the speeches begin. They speak uncovered, and await permission from the President to be covered. Astonishing discourse. Pepys cannot imagine anything more civil, more respectable, better conducted than this meeting. There is no confusion and no clamour. A concise, unadorned, and natural mode of speech, definite statements and clear meanings are required of the academicians. As Boyle said: "a man as polite and smooth as he is learned." Bluntness of speech must not be mistaken for cogency of argument. Therefore, no more jargon, no more playing with words.[1]

Between the four walls of the College, as later at Arundel House, Samuel is wrapt in veneration. *There* is the sanctuary of the new wisdom; there officiate the initiated persons, at home in these lofty regions where science may be wooed without losing foothold on earth, where "not the philo-

[1] *Diary*, 1st February, 1664; 15th February, 1st March, 1665.

sophy of thorns but that of the fruit, not the philosophy of words, but that of works" is practised. Pepys the profane listens and gazes. What wonderful experiments. One day the weight and elasticity of the air are calculated; another the relations of air and fire; the poison of the Duke of Florence is injected into a chicken, a dog and a cat: the results are astonishing. But the finest phenomenon of all is the transfusion of blood: the first dog dies on the spot, the second takes it very well. "What would happen if the blood of a Quaker were transfused into the skin of an Archbishop?" These are notable performances indeed, and the ardour of these gentlemen is beyond all praise. By his will, Sir William Petty has left a part of his fortune to inventors, in particular to the man who will discover "how milk comes into the breasts of women."

It was he who contrived a boat on two keels with two masts in front, which carrying two sails will take more wind and plunge less; consequently attain a greater speed than the other vessels. . . . And what a prodigious instrument is the *otacoustion*, that large bottle without a bottom. Place your ear to the neck and you will hear from the

gallery of Arundel House the oars of boats dipping into the Thames.

Like Gulliver in his travels, Samuel proceeds from one surprise to another. In his imitative enthusiasm he is drawn towards science: by the side of the "little French romances," the *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules* and the *Nouvelle Allégorique*, room is found in his library for the Experiments on Colours, the Hydrostaticks, and the Book of Forms of Mr. Boyle. He now visits Allestry, the bookseller to the Royal Society, and this increases his self-esteem. He proceeds to investigate the secrets of nature with great tenacity of purpose, and when he picks up a scrap of information, his gratification is extreme.

But although these gentlemen speak the language of everyday life, sometimes Samuel feels left behind: "I do lack philosophy enough to understand them. . . . It is so chemical that I understand little of it, but enough to see that Mr. Boyle is a man of great merit." And it is but fair to add that sometimes the men of science split hairs, as for instance Mr. Hooke, that poor lame and crotchety man, who asserts that, given the number of vibrations necessary to produce a

sound, he can say how many times a buzzing fly beats its wings. "To discover the reason why a dog turns round three times before going to sleep is all that science is," says Fletcher's amorous fool. The Academy is tainted with this folly, thinks Samuel. Now, although of an ardent temperament, he is not a poet. You could never make him realize that it is much better to bless the sun than to wonder why it shines. He wants things explained, and Gresham College furnishes these explanations, which he grasps as best he can and is quite satisfied.

Sorbière[1] has left us the portrait of one of the founders of the Society, Wallis, the author of *Arithmetica Infinitorum*. He is a pleasing figure, with his cap flat on his head, as if he had put his pocket-book there after covering it with black stitched cloth. Concerning this very respectable scientist, Sorbière remarks that the air of the college needed to be purified by that of the Court, that the people one met there had naturally strong breath and were unpleasant to converse with. Pepys is indifferent both to the ridiculous aspect and to these confined smells. He profits in all

[1] *Voyage d'Angleterre* 1664, p. 100.

simplicity from intercourse with honest and reputable folk. Not that he bestows an equal meed of admiration on all of them. He despises Brouncker, who, having opened the door, again becomes his superior, and shows himself incapable of making a decent speech, but Boyle—Evelyn. Moreover, how could Sorbière form an adequate judgment? He never saw the Society in its palmy days, and was never present at the grand receptions. Pepys does not miss any, and it is there that he is able to see at close quarters the Duchess of Newcastle, which marks an epoch in his life.

He had long felt attracted by that woman. First of all she was celebrated in London, celebrated by her husband, a brave Royalist who had lost his fortune, celebrated especially in his comedies, most of which were silly. At the theatre she queened it by her husband's side, applauding his work and thanking the actors from her box.[1]

She rides abroad in an enormous black and silver coach with white curtains; wearing a velvet cap, having ringlets round her ears, a number of black

[1] 11th January, 30th March, 11th April, 1667. "Your actions were performed publicly in the field. Mine privately in my closet. Yours had many thousand eye-witnesses; mine none but my waiting-maids."—*Life of the Duke of Newcastle by the Duchess.*

spots to hide the pimples about her mouth, neck uncovered, and a black *just-au-corps*. Her coachmen and footmen are all in black velvet. Her success was considerable, and from her own account she must have heartily enjoyed it. Fearing more than anything to pass unnoticed and craving for plaudits, she delighted in variety and in the singularity of her dresses. Practising simplicity in the country, she never appeared in town without great pomp, and certainly she had no cause to complain. Carriages crowded around her coach and a hundred urchins formed her retinue; it might have been the Queen of Sheba or the Queen of Sweden,[1] the crowd was so large that Samuel could not get a sight of her in spite of two attempts.

He did not abandon the effort. Between the noble Margaret and the plebeian Samuel there is a kind of mystic link, and it is a pity that Lamb never wrote an imaginary dialogue between his chaste favourite and the ardent Clerk of the Acts. Both are voluminous writers; both write their confessions, the lady with a constant eye to publicity,

[1] *Diary*, 26th April, 1st, 10th May, 1667. Both names are to be found in the Diary, but Sweden is probably what he had in mind, in view of the curiosity which Christina excited in France and in Europe.

convinced that God and nature have been pleased to endow her with poetic and philosophical genius. She believes herself inspired and one night awakens her servant with the cry: "John, I conceive!" She piles up dedications, prefaces, and preambles, desiring "to live in the remembrance of posterity." She resembles Mademoiselle de Scudéry in the heroic tone which she sometimes adopts, more often Mademoiselle de Gournay in her pedantry, but she assorts with Pepys in her total obliviousness of what is grotesque and by her absolute sincerity.[1]

Let us compare her with the Duke, and the result will be two watering-place figures, similar to those that will later enliven Bath. He is a master of horsemanship (the Newcastle riding-school is classic), honest, cultivated, with a turn for rhyming, no more afraid than his wife of superficial popularity; and she has taken care to dedicate to him a folio under which he lives buried in ridicule for all time.[2]

[1] And also by her love of precision. She writes to place it beyond question that she was the second and not the first or third wife of the Duke. Moreover she was sometimes coarse, and her queer speeches end usually in absurdities, oaths, and obscenities.

[2] 18th March, 1668. Having read the book, Pepys said: "She is a mad, conceited, and ridiculous woman; and he an ass to suffer her to

Contrast this "majestic and poetic couple" with the bourgeois household. There the man is certainly not his wife's idol; he is his own idol and raises his own monument. As to the ladies, they have only one thing in common: sterility.[1]

So in the street Samuel cranes his neck in vain. Fortunately Margaret is as fond of receptions as he is.

Before returning to her Welbeck solitude, she asks to be allowed to attend a meeting of the Royal Society. This is a serious request: these gentlemen weigh it carefully like everything else; shall we let the sanctuary be polluted by worldly vanity, and give the town a chance to laugh at us? After discussion, the chaste Margaret was admitted. She made her entry in great pomp, preceded by the mace-bearer and followed by her women. Pepys finds her a good and comely woman but her dress is so grotesque and her deportment so common that she does not please him at all.[2]

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write what she writes to him" (the book is dedicated to her husband) "and of him." This name of Newcastle is predestined. A Newcastle had a clownish success under George II.

[1] "God frustrated the designs of My Lord in making me barren." Elsewhere she says: "My Lord has been a great lover and admirer of the female sex," but Margaret never knew the furious jealousy of Elizabeth.

[2] Cf. *Newcastle*, 189. *Diary* 30th May, 25th June, 1667.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

From the Original of Vandyke

The meeting was opened, and there was a varied programme: experiments upon colours, loadstones, microscopes, and liquors. A piece of roasted mutton was turned into pure blood, which was a marvel. The Duchess did not utter any memorable words. She is evidently not a Christina of Sweden politely bantering erudite personages. She keeps saying that she is full of admiration, all admiration. At the conclusion she is conducted out of the Hall with the same ceremoniousness. Mr. Evelyn assists her to step into her coach: "Full of admiration," she repeats. Margaret of Newcastle does not resemble her contemporary, the noble Madame de Longueville, whose "languid spirit has ever and anon luminous and astonishing flashes of insight." Her own curiosity is always on the alert, but it does not go very far.

It is all very well for Samuel to sneer that the Duchess could do nothing but admire; he and she are of the same mental calibre.

One day he discovers that the lot of the *savant* is not all peace. The secretary of the Royal Society was put in the Tower for conducting a correspondence upon philosophical matters with a French *virtuoso*.

Relations with the neighbour were delicate and letters were opened.

Samuel meditates, and concludes: To write anything at all might lead to the dungeon or the gallows. We must educate ourselves, but our enthusiasm for science must not overstep the point at which our safety is threatened.

"My business calls me, and I must not neglect it. Lord Brouncker thinks too much about his mathematics."

CHAPTER XXX

SAMUEL'S READING

It so happens that one of the articles of the Pepysian code which is most frequently infringed is that which prescribes a fine for excessive purchases of books. The self-condemned Samuel is distressed at the feeble resistance he offers to this mania, and then tries to justify it. Does it not behove him to raise himself to the level of Mr. Evelyn, who knows about everything and discusses political law as learnedly as zoology? Is it not the duty of a citizen who aspires to dignities to become acquainted with everything that constitutes the truly worthy man? Thus, in spite of his vows to devote himself entirely to his duties, Pepys becomes a devourer of books, and what he reads reacts immediately on him.

In matters political he follows two guides. First there is Bacon, the author of his beloved *Faber Fortunæ*, the implement of his fortune: from

this source he derives rules of conduct, and on this model he moulds his conduct as a man of society. Hobbes,[1] who is still living, melancholy and embittered, at the Salisbury Hotel, teaches him that the sovereign state is all-powerful, that it regulates the mind and heart, and is at once the instructor and the master of dogma; that, consequently, men's actions are determined by necessity. Is not this borne out by Pepys's own story? Is he not a machine impelled by desire and by fear? He has no will but that which is imposed on him by circumstances or by a being stronger than he: he has the will to suppress his old Puritan ardour, and not to fall out with Pen who is esteemed at Court. If he has criticized the King and his morals since coming into too close contact with them, he does not shake off the superstition of Power. He does not use the words "divine right," but he believes in the efficacy of royal hands touching ulcers, and is surprised that people born in the shadow of the throne can be fools and that the King cannot prevent the storm

[1] Hobbism—the theory of subjection based on fear, the doctrine of the shopkeeper who desires his business to prosper under a good tyrant—did much to promote the peace in England. After reading *Of Liberty and Necessity*, Pepys remarks, "It is a very wicked little piece," and this opinion is not far out. Hobbes was the hero of the epicureans and the libertines, Saint-Evrèmond and Buckingham.

from bursting: is *he* not in certain respects outside humanity? He adopts the same attitude towards religion: all he asks of his wife is not to meddle with those differences which only beget trouble.[1]

He enters the synagogue, and what displeases him is the absence of order, the laughing and restless Jews; confusion instead of attention; brutes and not men. But does he listen to the service himself when all his attention is taken up with seizing by the waist a pretty devotee who defends herself with a pin? Another day he visits a monastery. The monks lead a pleasant life and have plenty of good cheer; a certain chine of mutton is roasting and smells good: he would not mind being a Capucine.

Differences of religion form delightful topics of conversation. For ourselves we will imitate the sovereign and repose on the soft pillow of the established faith.[2]

Pepys feels less at home with the satirists and humorists. The fashionable book of this class

[1] Charles II practised the same method. When urged to rebuke Lady Castlemaine for turning Papist, he replied that he never interfered with ladies' souls.

[2] Samuel opens his mind pretty freely about preachers. The pastor reading the service says: "We pray thee, my God, to preserve for our use our gracious Queen Catherine" instead of "to preserve for our use the refreshing fruits of the earth." Whereat laughter.

was the *Hudibras* of Butler, a long, disjointed poem in which Puritans were scoffed at, a Saxon version of the Catholic Don Quixote, broadly speaking, a picture of imagination at odds with life, of the struggle between pathos and porridge. Samuel's attitude towards *Hudibras* is instructive. Having heard of this whimsical poem, he buys it for half-a-crown, but is shocked to find the Puritans so grossly insulted and sells the book to a friend for one shilling and six pence. A costly deception. Nevertheless *Hudibras* is everywhere quoted and praised; Pepys who rarely ventures to form his own opinion in literary matters and most often takes his views second-hand, says to himself: "I was bad tempered . . . everybody exalts this book as a miracle of wit," and he buys it again. When the second part of the poem appears, he borrows it without enthusiasm. He makes several attempts to read it, persuading himself that it is witty, but does not get to the bottom of it. However, the opinion of all loyal subjects is unanimous; speakers quote *Hudibras* in the presence of serious persons like you and me. Samuel takes the step and buys the two parts. Devil take it. One must be up to date.

Butler sees the ridiculous side of things and revels

in being disrespectful, which explains the Pepysian incomprehension. To say that such a man was the firm friend of Reform until the moment it became unfashionable; that the Puritan proves the orthodoxy of his doctrine by apostolic thwacks; that the preacher's desk is an ecclesiastical drum which he beats with his fists; to ask if the conscience cannot have a vacation like the law courts; if marriage does not kill love; to mock those who have hallowed the damnable sin of hypocrisy and demonstrate their virtue by abolishing black pudding; to have no respect for the administration, to assert that honour resides at the base of the back: this cannot be tolerated. Everything in Pepys revolts against such literature: the old Cromwellian, the King's official, the husband of his wife, all that is timid, servile, and lewd in him.

Not that he abhors burlesque; this enemy of *Hudibras* finds the translation of *Virgile Travesti* an extraordinarily good poem. One day when he is idle in the country he even thinks of composing a satire, but confesses that his talents are not equal to the task: it is impotence, not antipathy.

Just as a well-ordered cemetery is a pleasant place, so an orderly poem adorned with symmetri-

cally planted flowers, is a good poem; Mr. Waller, who is called our Anacreon, excels in this kind of composition, as also did Mr. Cowley, who has just died. The latter was just a little metaphysical, comparing the regard of his mistress to a burning-glass made of ice, but he observed decorum and was a respectable and serious writer.

But Pepys has not a tincture of classical taste; he does not hail in Waller and Cowley the first poets who had "decked in immaculate ribbons the wanton ringlets of the British muse," and he cannot tolerate the confusion of styles: to deceive one's company; joke with a serious countenance; to lay hand on, even without leaning against (which is unfortunately not the case with Butler[1]) State institutions, recognized values, and morality—these are reprehensible to the departmental chief. Irony: there is the enemy. Let life be kept in water-tight compartments; on the one hand, my wife in a comfortable place by the hearth, and on the other, my mistresses. Alas! we are not saints.

One day Samuel espies at a bookseller's an idle roguish book entitled *L'Escholle des Filles*, something worse than *La Puttana errante*. He resists the

[1] Butler was unable to obtain State patronage.

temptation for nearly a month, but at last the obscenity of the book draws him. He reads and re-reads, soothing his conscience with transparent excuses: "yet not amiss for a sober man once to read over to inform himself in the villainy of the world." Then, satiated, he burns the naughty book (which he was careful to buy in plain binding) so as not to shame his library. At a later date he sends *Le Cabinet d'Amour*, a profligate compilation ascribed to Rochester, to be rebound under the innocuous title of "Life of Rochester," a title used in fact by Burnet. Thus behaves a citizen careful of his respectability. Butler is not troubled by such scruples, and this Pepys cannot understand.[1]

He does not breathe a word about Milton. He must have heard his name, and doubtless did his best to forget it; a name dangerous to utter, a work dangerous to possess. If the reading of *Hudibras* was almost an official duty, *Paradise Lost* was anathematized from the day it first appeared: its fit reception was silence.[2]

[1] In 1668 he dines with him. He felt an immediate effect from his companion's presence. "Mr. Butler, a man who is eminent in his way."

[2] The 27th April, 1667. Samuel notes with joy that coal is cheaper. The same day the publisher Samuel Symons bought from Milton the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* for £5.

One would like to believe that in the peace of his library the ex-Puritan Pepys sometimes secretly worships at the shrine of the exiled and suffering Puritan Milton; that he admired him without daring to confide his admiration even to his diary. Perhaps certain melodies of the blind composer would have found their way into his heart. He says somewhere that the sound of angel voices descending from Heaven wrapt up his soul so that it made him really sick; that he remained in ecstasy a whole night without being able to think of anything else. "I could not believe that ever any musick had that real command over the soul of a man that this did upon me." Here apparently is fertile soil in which to cultivate the flower of musical mysticism. Do not let us be deceived: these angels descend from the roof of the stage, and his malady of soul reminds Pepys of the time when he was in love with his wife. Decidedly he is attached to earth by too many strands. He will remain oblivious to the only epic poem of England. Milton played his organ in an inaccessible cathedral.

CHAPTER XXXI

PEPYSIANA

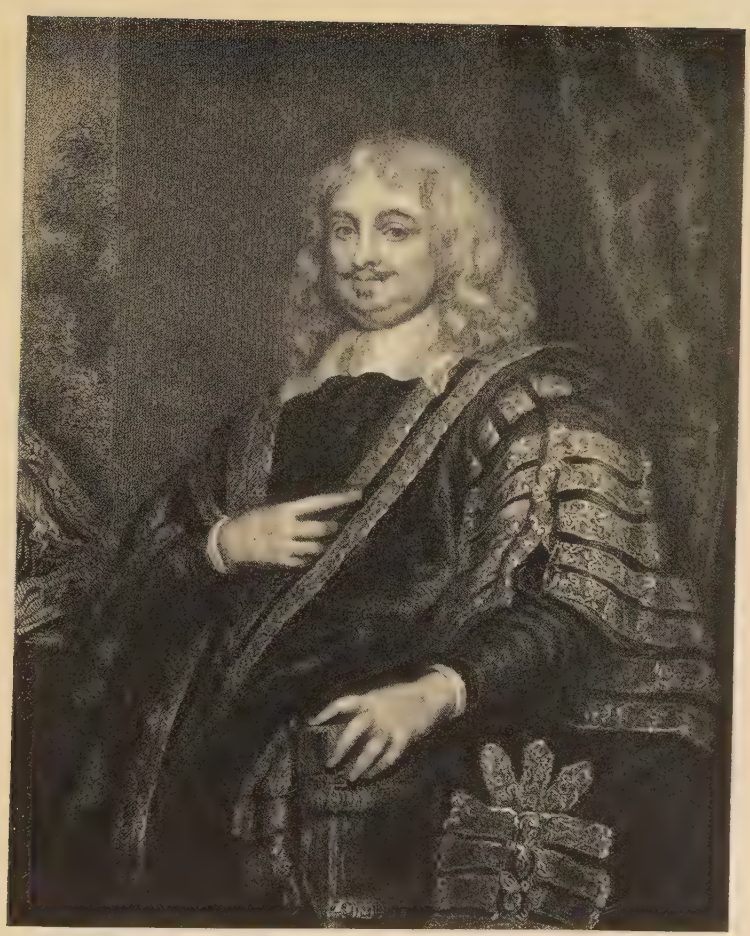
The distresses of the reign required an expiatory victim. That victim was Clarendon. The old gouty minister paid for Dunkirk, sold to France; for the barren Queen; for Tangier which was expected to be a gold mine but proved a wasps' nest; for the scourges, and for the defeat. A chorus of hate assailed him: the fanatics saw in him the King's man, the Royalists the pedagogue who checked the flow of favours and damped joy. He himself lost prudence with advancing years and, in the midst of national distress, builds a palace which the people call the House of Dunkirk. The only worker among drones, he is not at pains to hide his contempt and says openly that the King is an idler incapable of governing. He sends for him like a schoolboy.

For a fairly long time the debonair Charles had put up with Clarendon as being indispensable, but

on the day the Chancellor incurs the hostility of Parliament and can no longer serve him, he calls him "the insolent man," and with a fine courage orders him to surrender the seals. The Chancellor, excessively proud of his pure conscience, swears that his hands are clean and refuses to fall gracefully. But Lady Castlemaine is on the spot. At noon on the day of the Chancellor's interview with the King, she jumps out of bed, and in her smock looks on the old man's going away. The impression is favourable; now in her night-gown in her aviary, she enjoys her revenge, and the passing gallants tell her that she looks like a bird of paradise in her cage.

On the 30th August, 1667, Clarendon yields to the inevitable. Pepys is profoundly affected: it is the first time he has seen the fall of a minister, and the fact inspires him with great fear. Yet he never liked the man. He, the humble Pepys, had a short time before incurred his severe displeasure, and foresaw the loss of his position and his reduction to beggary, and all because, in obedience to the King's orders, he had caused the trees in Clarendon Park to be marked and cut down.

The affair had terminated happily, and Pepys



EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON

From the Original of Sir Peter Lely

had strolled round the garden with the Chancellor, who showed himself both friendly and cunning. But a bitter feeling had been left behind; he had meditated on the precarious position of little men whom great men can break between to-day and to-morrow.

The wheel has turned. Clarendon is at the Bar and Parliament demands his impeachment. Instead of disappearing, the fallen man refuses to budge. His son-in-law, the Duke of York (who is in an unenviable and delicate position) and bishops are despatched to see him. He will listen to nobody, and pleads his gout. In the end, he is skilfully frightened, and flies with two servants. Then begins the amazing Odyssey of the disgraced minister: arriving at Rouen, he learns that he cannot stay on French soil, and is watched night and day by an officer of the King, and falls ill. Twice his coach oversets, and he is nearly engulfed in the sands of Calais. At Evreux he is half killed by English sailors and is perpetually wrangling with magistrates. At last this venerable wreck—the grandfather of the English royal children—is stranded at Montpellier. Facile with his pen, he had left a document behind him, justifying his ac-

tions. The Lords declare this document to be seditious and scandalous, the Commons vote that it shall be burned by the common hangman. This innocent paper, and not its author, was solemnly executed.

"The disgraceful way in which my Lord Clarendon has conducted my business has obliged me to sanction a host of inquiries which otherwise I would not have allowed Parliament to make." In these words Charles II sums up the position. What Pepys feared has come to pass. "It is a sorry thing to be a poor King. Not to have linen in his cupboard, or paper in his desk, and to see interlopers correct the faults of his own servants." Samuel knows what he is talking about; he receives summonses and makes the acquaintance of committees. His thoughts on this subject may be advantageously pondered even to-day. The plague of these so-called committees of inquiry is not a new thing; the object is always the same—to divert and dilute responsibility; the result being what would be expected, that is to say, *nil*. Thus Pepys, with books in his hand, answered the calls, and *in petto*, although on his defence, judges his accusers. "A troublesome thing, these committees. And

they are reputed to be such great advisers. What a misfortune to be supervised by people who have no comprehension of these matters. The Duke of Albemarle (in the Tangier matter) dull, heavy blockhead as he is, understanding no more of either than a goose." These are his thoughts.

It is to Pepys especially that the investigators address themselves; he has an orderly mind; they grasp what he says, which is a stroke of good fortune for these incompetent persons; but eventually he is tired of waiting on these gentlemen and answering not only for himself (the affair of the prizes is not yet settled) but for others. "Which makes me mad that I should become the hackney of this Office." He is forced to neglect his home and also his pleasures: Knepp who is so pretty in her night-gown with her hair tied simply with a ribbon, Mercer who is decidedly most desirable. Why should he tire himself out when the King finds time to get drunk with his friends and drink healths on his knees, he, the sovereign, when the said King, at the end of a meeting, concludes with these luminous words: "After all these speeches I begin to understand: one cannot do more than is possible?" An unheard-of piece of stupidity. And

what confidence do the new masters inspire? Take the favourite of the day, Buckingham. How does he demonstrate his aptitude for business? He forms an attachment with Lady Shrewsbury, a woman with a past, kills her husband in a duel, and to finish, compels his legitimate wife to suffer the presence of his mistress under her roof. When the Duchess objects that this arrangement is undesirable both for herself and the other woman, he answers: "Why, madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be brought to carry you to your father's." Devilish words, but true, it is said. Such are the King's advisers: people who are good for nothing but to cut throats for prostitutes.[1]

There was good in Clarendon. Faithful to old methods, he conceded to Parliament the right to levy taxes, but not to control expenditure. The King had given way: whither will the oversight of the Commons lead us? To carry on one's shoulders the responsibilities of a service with nothing but

[1] *Clarendon*, IV, 13, 185. *Diary*, 17th August, 23rd, 25th September, 1667; 17th January, 5th, 11th, 17th February, 15th May, 1668.—Lady Shrewsbury, disguised as a page, held the bridle of Buckingham's horse during the duel. He slept with her the same night, his shirt being still bloody. The King granted his Royal Pardon.

the expectation of a Clarendonian downfall in miniature as recompense is scarcely exhilarating.

It is all very well to aver in casual conversation that with a good book, a good violin, and a good wife, one might always be satisfied; but there is the question of money, the little hoard against old age, the retreat when the storm comes, slippered ease. Samuel had buried his treasure in the garden at Brampton when the Fire was devastating London. One night, accompanied by his father and armed with a dark lantern, he sets out to perform the great task of disinterring his gold. Where is it? The tailor has forgotten the place, and Samuel sweats and fumes. At last the place is found. God, he thinks, how stupidly the job was done . . . hardly a foot below ground, it can be seen from all the windows and from every side: the bags are broken, the coins have rolled in the mud. It is enough to send a man out of his mind. Scarcely able to see, he gathers up in his pails mud, gold, and all, returns to the house, washes the coins and counts them: there are at least a hundred short. Suppose the neighbours who have seen and heard them (his father is deaf) should come and steal the rest. With his secretary, the faithful Hewer, he re-

visits the garden; by the light of a candle he retrieves forty-five more coins, cleans them, and counts again; the next day the task is recommenced. At last the gold cleansed and packed is on its way to London carried in the laps of the skinflint and his companions, lest the bottom of the coach should fall out. What an alarm. On what unsuspected reefs our fortune might come to grief.

Pepys reflects that to keep one's mouth shut rarely does any harm. Nothing weighs more heavily on the Chancellor than the unfortunate paper which aroused the anger of the two Chambers. He meets one of the powerful persons who is likely to be his judge, "yet I did never speak one word to him of desiring favour, and do resolve to stand or fall by my silently preparing to answer whatever can be laid to me. Before I am out of place, I trust I shall be able to save a little of what I have got; for I am weary of this life."[1]

Must we prepare ourselves for the spectacle of a disillusioned Pepys retiring to the country?

He is not insensible to country delights, es-

[1] *Diary*, 10th, 11th, 12th, 18th October, 6th, 30th December, 1667; 18th, 29th February, 1668.

pecially in the company of ladies. When speaking of nature and of rural life, he reveals an indescribable grace of diction which is rare with him:

"We find a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, which was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something. His father did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his feet shod with iron shoes: 'Why,' says the poor man, 'the downes, you see, are full of stones.' He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him. Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life, and we set out for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasure of this day's work. My foot begins more and more to pain me,

which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease."

Perhaps this does not sound precisely like a pastoral, and rather anticipates the style of Rousseau's *Confessions*. A similar sincerity of tone is rare with French writers of the 17th century; in England, on the other hand, nothing is more becoming than this true and simple taste; and one is tempted to compare for a moment the pastoral Pepys with his contemporary the gentle Walton "of celestial memory"; the erudite angler who, not satisfied with studying the habits of the queen carp and the tyrant jack, sings with the milkmaids the old ballads that are dear to Samuel's heart, "while the rain falls on the fertile soil and gives a sweeter odour to the flowers which embellish the field." Walton was a tailor; he might have made a disciple of his younger brother Pepys. His book, *The Compleat Angler*, ends with the words: "Study to be quiet." To this end the Clerk of the Acts devotes himself from the beginning of the year 1668; to keep his mouth closed; to save a few household goods from the shipwreck, and live out the remainder of his life as befits a philosopher in rural peace.

CHAPTER XXXII

DON JUAN AS CICERO

Nevertheless, he did speak; and to good purpose. After the gall of suspicion, he tastes the honey of praise. The eve of hostilities had been unpleasant; Brouncker, the controller of accounts, thought only of exculpating himself, not of shielding his subordinates; Samuel, with his heart on the wrong side, sleeps scarcely three hours, and is in a state of disquietude hitherto unknown, thinking of the tasks that weigh on him.

He is reduced to making his wife talk in order to reassure him. On arriving at Westminster, he swallows a small glass of brandy which warms him and fortifies his courage. Between eleven o'clock and noon he is introduced with his brothers into the presence of the Commons. In a full house, the Speaker reads the report.

Samuel rises and conducts the defence of the office blandly and pleasantly, without hesitation or embarrassment, aiming at the mark, and with as great a command over his material as if he were at his work-table. This goes on for three hours without any interruption from the Speaker. The speech had an astonishing effect: if certain members had not gone out to dine, the vote would have been taken at once. In any event, the business is progressing satisfactorily, and it is the unanimous opinion that all the credit belongs to Samuel. That evening he goes to bed like a man "having had no quiet rest a good while."

For the next few days his path is strewn with flowers. "Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house," says Coventry. "If you put on a gown and plead at Chancery Bar, you would earn not less than £1,000 a year," says another. The Solicitor-General: "This man is the best speaker in England." And the King: "Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday," and this in the presence of lords and members of Parliament, who aver that they have not heard such

fine speaking before in all their life. On all sides his praises are sung: "I have often kissed your hands, I would now like to kiss your mouth: you are another Cicero." "I would go a twenty mile journey to hear another speech like that." Never were so many people seen remaining seated four hours on end, listening to someone. "I have been twenty-six years in Parliament, and have never heard a speech like it."

His fame travels beyond Parliament and Westminster and reaches the City. "More than anything else in the world, I should like to have your tongue in my mouth," exclaims one flatterer. A murmur of admiration follows in his wake: Pepys a great man. Of vast understanding. "For which Lord God make me thankful, and that I may make use of it not to pride and vain-glory, but that I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it." Although surfeited with praise, his caution never deserts Pepys. Now is the time to hold his tongue; his reputation is good; let nothing be done to spoil it.

Point-blank flattery begins to embarrass him, but the moment after he cannot refrain from feeling something that resembles pride. Rain

falls when he is strolling with the Duke of York, and it is Pepys's cloak which has the honour to cover the august shoulders. Gradually he loses his diffidence; is he not the Magician, the darling of the Commons?

York asks him one day: "Where are you going?" "To appear before our masters at Westminster." This was said in a loud voice; everybody laughed, and immediately the official recovers himself, "It is to be hoped that no member was there. It is a warning for the future."

Let us be fair to this pollarded man, as Coleridge calls him; he has taken the measure of the fame he has won—it is confined to the precincts of parliament, the ephemeral glory of the orator.

And he refuses to lose his head. A short time before he had been spoken of to replace Coventry as the Duke's secretary; he bethought himself soberly of all the dangers attaching to such an honour, not the least of which was to give up his house. After his success, he does not see himself on the way to becoming a minister; his outlook remains modest and practical, his ambition to prosper in a less exalted atmosphere.

In one sense, however, his success was to do

him harm. The inquiry had tested him like the Fire tried the merchant; not only did he escape, but he emerged from the furnace triumphant and transfigured. His zest for pleasure becomes keener than ever. Pepys, the illustrious orator, plunges into debauchery. A debauch, be it said, which begins under his wife's nose, a debauch in the domestic circle. He never seeks out Elizabeth, and forgets to take her to the theatre, but he does not abandon the conjugal bed: he has too much respect for the hearth and the duties of the head of a family. You will no longer find him in those houses which the apprentices enjoy pulling down during Lent to constrain their fellow citizens to purity. This conduct is disorderly and gains no countenance from him. He considers insolent the excuse offered by an apprentice who is arrested. "We are wrong to satisfy ourselves with the bawdy houses; the large one, that of Whitehall, ought to be pulled down." In the company of men about town, it is another thing: there he is educating himself, and learns with astonishment that *ballers* is the name given to a company of young blades who dance quite naked and do their worst with the

women of Lady Bennett, a well-known procuress. These frivolous conversations grieve his heart: "What loose cursed company was this that I was in to-night, though full of wit, and worth a man's being in for once to know the nature of it."

He is repelled by the Council of Roguery, which is Sedley, Buckhurst and Rochester. To take a whim to run through the streets at night in Adamite costume; to be beaten by the watchman and locked up; to derive amusement from making the King so drunk that he can no longer give audience, all this is a horrid disgrace. He never exhibits himself and escapes the mania for nudity; he is ever mindful of appearances.

Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, has returned to Court; on Sunday, after ordering the guards to be in readiness to escort him to the park, the King, forgetting that he bore a grudge, suddenly jumps into a boat and rows himself to Somerset House; the door of the garden being closed, he climbs over the wall, so strong is his desire to see his mistress. This, too, is a horrid shame. It is likewise incredible that the Court should allow to be printed and distributed a petition addressed to Lady Castle-

FRANCES

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

Painted by Sir Peter Lely

maine by the women whose houses have been pulled down.[1]

This is flouting appearances indeed. The rule of conduct of a good citizen should be to avoid any cause for blushes in connection with his gratifications, and to take care that his respectability remains unimpaired.

Pepys does not formulate such a rule—it is rare that he perceives anything abstractly; nevertheless he adopts it. There is an air of thriftiness about his debauches. Even in his moments of transport he is diverted by the singing of a starling and when he learns from Mrs. Martin that this innocent bird, the witness of their pleasures, belonged to the King, he wants to take the royal starling home.

But his passion grows more and more versatile. The ex-catechumen has been initiated by the ministry of Knepp's double muse, Euterpe and Terpsichore, and as he retains his freshness of soul, everything continues to interest him. He is always the historiographer of Art and of lyrical

[1] *Diary*, 18th, 25th February, 24th, 25th, 26th March, 6th April, 30th May, 23rd October, 2nd December, 1668. Cf. *Evelyn* II, 35. York was distressed that among the houses pulled down were the sailors' bawdy houses which brought him in £15 per annum.

artistes; the theatre is the Eldorado of which he never tires, and one loves to follow him there. He is distressed when Betterton is ill, follows with a tender eye the progress of Nell Gwynn, is enchanted to hear her swear when the pit is empty; on the day he hears of her *liaison* with Sedley, he exclaims: "Poor girl, I pity her, but more the loss of her at the King's house." Happily, she returns, and Pepys is overjoyed. A good girl, this Nell. Of course, she is no better than she should be, and, as she said to her friend, Beck Marshall: "I was but one man's whore, though I was brought up in a bawdy house to fill strong waters to the guests, and you are a whore to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter." Her advancement is not hindered by the fact that in her youth she cried herrings in the streets or that she was exposed by Mrs. Ross, the procuress. The King has just sent for her and given her a house in Pall Mall. This marks her consecration. After Charles Hart, the actor, after Charles Sedley, Nell had Charles II, her Charles III, as she called him.[1]

[1] For some years Nell's house was occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Pepys is a little sad about these royal amours.[1] Lady Castlemaine is enraged. However, she had no right to be severe on the score of fidelity, as she was almost caught in the very act with one of the handsome young men of the Court, named Jermyn; but she cannot tolerate sharing her empire with an actress, and, to redress the balance, selects for her lover Jacob Hall, a rope dancer. All these stories and many others are told Pepys by Knepp.

The latter, enthroned in the clouds like a goddess, deigns to descend and frolic with her adorer, pulling him by the hair, and in the wake of her skirts he is drawn into a world of brightness. They walk hand in hand or clasping waists, he "with his head full of what he has just seen at the theatre," and humming some new melody that she will sing with her perfect voice. Or he will enter her box while she is undressing, or conduct her to the park or the tavern and kiss her. The only thing that annoys him is her paint. He admires her so much that he durst not claim

[1] Pepys speaks of the 17th mistress of the King (26th April, 1667). Charles had thirteen recognized mistresses. Nell received £400 per annum; Louise de Keroualle £40,000.

her last favours. One evening, however, he displays some temerity, but soon repents of it: will not Knepp be annoyed or tell of the overture he made? Not a cloud troubled their friendship. Knepp always found favour in his sight; he loves her and all that surrounds her, especially her servant: a reflection of his mistress.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ELIZABETH'S SECRET

KNEPP and Mercer represent for Pepys a kind of Art, not quite disinterested or spiritualized. The others only represent Nature. Mrs. Martin remains the titular mistress, always excessively complaisant, for which he continues to despise her, but there is an element of the unexpected in his transactions with Mrs. Bagwell at Deptford; with Betty Michell, whose husband is, alas, often at home; with Doll Lane, a nice girl, to whom he gives money, a rare thing with him.[1]

His sensual life is divided into watertight compartments: (1) the women he visits at their houses, (2) those he receives at the office, (3) those he takes out, albeit with great caution, in a coach. A category apart is reserved for cas-

[1] *Diary*, 15th January, 18th February, 18th March, 13th, 29th May, 2nd, 24th June, 1668. "After a little playing and baisando we did go up in the dark à su camera."

ual encounters: figures of which we scarcely catch a glimpse, conquests or defeats. The pretty woman he passed on the staircase of the Commons, no doubt a bad lot, who acts the prude; tavern servants; Franck of the Swan, Nell whom he leads to the back entry of the garden; "a wench of naught" to whom he paid a shilling and she "of the little lewd look"; not forgetting the bookseller's wife, about whom he writes in Spanish, because he has just bought the *Claros Varones* of Pulgar.

For the latter he has a certain respect; he seeks her "in las tenebras"; but she is *enceinte*, weeps, and he loses his pains. This happens to him sometimes. He is not always the scamp who snuffs the candle and goes to the point; the libertine who lingers to lace the shoes of Mrs. Lowther "a person *peu* shy"; the conceited man who, at the sight of a woman, declares: "If you had her *sola*, a man might *hazer* all with her." He beats sudden retreats, for fear he is not upholding his respectability.

But the atmosphere he breathes is scented with love. When he learns that the servant Jane, whom he has touzled pretty often himself, is

enamoured of the boy, Tom, he is delighted; he likes people to be in love. But the life he leads has certain drawbacks. One night a coachman conducts him to the ruins, inadvertently no doubt, but what a fine place it was in which to get knocked on the head. Another night, with Knepp, he meets two rogues with clubs; at the theatre an insolent vendor of oranges demands of him the price of oranges which she alleges were delivered to ladies by his order; it is absolutely false, but she swears, and he extricates himself as best he can.

These are trifling vexations which he feels more than another man would, but they do not seriously impair his enjoyment. The whole duty of man is to eat, drink, and kiss. It is a strange fellow who does not follow this maxim. He is now hardly moved by Elizabeth's remonstrances, and persists in the Pepysian policy of silence. He does not gossip except to please himself in his diary, and appeases his better half with trinkets; "she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend on her. It is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

He keeps a tight rein on her and requires her to be virtuous. During Elizabeth's sojourns at Brampton, he indulges himself to his heart's content; when she returns, he upbraids himself for the liberty he has granted her and for his negligence; she is a fool who cannot be relied on. She has unseasonable fits of colic and inflammations of the face. Once when she takes medicine he exclaims: "God forgive me, I did find that I was more desirous to take my rest than to ease her." On the whole she is a tiresome woman devoid of charm. He only compliments her when she looks well in a new dress.[1]

There are times when he is uneasy. He knows himself to be "full of pleasures and expenses," and one day discovers that Elizabeth has "something in her gizzard that only waits an opportunity of being provoked to bring up."

She weeps but will not ease her heart. Finally, one night she declares that she wants to return to France and live there in peace, "and then all came out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any."

[1] Cf. *Diary*, 31st October, 1663. Expenditure on toilet: Samuel £55, Elizabeth £12.

With words mild and few, he lets her indulge her grief. It will soon pass off. Only let us be circumspect; be on our guard against being espied at the theatre; and take care that tactless friends do not divulge our select dinners.

Now this same Pepys, on seeing young gallants at Spring Gardens almost force women in the arbours, is distressed at the vices of the age and sagely remarks: "Men of experience spoil their reputation by addicting themselves to drink and other amusements."[1]

[1] Nevertheless, his vows are kept, and money being at stake, he resists the gambling passion.

CHAPTER XXXIV

DEB

NATURE has so fashioned Elizabeth that she cannot bear solitude nor tolerate her companion. Mercer of the fine voice had been deprived of her title of companion, and simultaneously Elizabeth had relapsed into isolation. A successor was clearly necessary. One morning a young girl is introduced, and Samuel is called to give his advice: "And although she is not altogether so great a beauty as she had before told me, yet indeed she is mighty pretty and so pretty that I find I shall be too much pleased with it and therefore could be contented as to my judgment, though not to my passion, that she might not come." Already the pretty girl has got into his head; he looks at her before going to bed, and sleeps badly. "So young and so grave. So grave as I never saw a little thing in my life. Indeed, I think her a little too good for my family. I wish my wife may

use her well." And Mrs. Willet, a former pupil of Bow school, takes the place of Mercer. She departs with master and mistress to the country, and as was customary in that age of simplicity, sleeps in the same room as Samuel.

Instinctively he seeks to establish relations with her and she obligingly does not rebuff him. At the theatre they are side by side, and Elizabeth, who makes a disdainful third, begins to take umbrage. "Jealous already. A poor thing. I fear this girl will not stay long with us." He repeats to himself vows of discretion and disinterestedness: peace before all: he has sufficient scope for his activity outside his own home. One day, Mrs. Willet's aunt comes to see her niece and delights to observe her swelling bosom. A strange kind of admiration, thinks Samuel, but this fixes his regard. A few days afterwards, he profits by Willet coming into his room to give her "her first little kiss."[1]

The familiarity grows: he gets into the agreeable habit of being dressed and undressed and having his hair cut by her, and loves to see her

[1] Elizabeth was then disfigured by a swelling; Samuel was reading to her, but during an interval gave this dangerous kiss.

"fiddling" around him. It is no longer Willet or the girl, but "Deb" for short, and Deb now accompanies them on all their excursions. As was to be expected, Elizabeth cannot tolerate her; Deb weeps, Pepys comforts her and kisses her mouth. How can one resist the charm of "this serious little thing"?

With his wife, Samuel pays a visit to Deb's birthplace. How delightful to be a great man among the country people. Her mother, a worthy woman who is most likable, occupies an excellent and well-furnished house; an old woman, learning that Deb is there, hastens thence, her eyes full of tears, her heart so full of joy that she cannot speak, and Samuel too, sheds tears. The unexpected talent for tears says much for the state of his soul. Deb is his tender love, the little blue flower of the Pepysian garden. But these daily meetings, these jocularities in the quietness of the evening, are very severe tests; the flower turns from blue to purple. The emotion invites reciprocity, the voice takes on unexpected inflections, and the hand ventures.

Now, on the evening of the 25th October, 1668, Deb is cutting his hair as is customary.

Suddenly Elizabeth enters and finds him embracing the girl.

There is complete silence. In vain Samuel tries to utter a word to retrieve the situation. The first to find her tongue, Elizabeth gives vent to her anger as only she knows how. The wise Samuel says little. "About two in the morning my wife waked me and cried and fell to telling me as a great secret that she was a Roman Catholic and had received the holy sacrament, which troubled me, but I took no notice of it, but she went on from one thing to another, till at last it appeared plainly her trouble was at what she saw, and yet I did not know how much she saw and therefore said nothing to her."

This is followed by reproaches, protestations of fidelity, and love for the future, and a little sleep towards morning.

CHAPTER XXXV

FIRST STAGES OF TORTURE

A DOOR pushed at an awkward moment, and Nemesis enters. The double edifice so skilfully constructed by the amorous but prudent man crashes: front premises for the husband, the back premises for the adulterer.

The painter Hayles has painted the portrait of Elizabeth as Saint Catherine. She holds a palm in her hand; close to her is a wheel studded with iron points which is about to rend her. Yet the heroine does not look like a martyr: a heavy face with a double chin, drowsy eyes, and ample bosom. A plump and vacuous physiognomy.[1]

The portrait cannot be relied on. After this terrible October evening which cost Samuel "the greatest sorrow of his life," Elizabeth reveals herself in the capacity of an executioner. She

[1] No member of the Pepys family was good looking; this was the bad fortune of the family, says Samuel (29th July, 1667). He only mentions one exception, and it is not his wife.

MRS. PEPYS

AS ST. KATHARINE

was the crude agent of the avenger of morals. She awakens the culprit, and asserts that she has seen him hugging and kissing. He denies the kiss, but admits the hug. The morrow brings a fresh nocturnal trial: Elizabeth breaks out and threatens to publish his shame; he tries to evade her, but she lights a candle to facilitate her ravings, and the candle burns all night. Serenity does not come with the dawn. Pepys goes about his business and stays outdoors as long as he can, but at home infallibly meets the lowering face of his wife. As to Deb, he can only communicate with her by notes flung at her by stealth. "This is what I have confessed. Govern yourself accordingly." His reflections are bitter: "I have ruined this girl; my wife is sending her away; by my folly I have given her a hold on me." He has lost domestic peace, and is a prey to sorrow, shame and remorse. Although conscious that the avenging Eye is on him, he cannot refrain from looking at Deb, who weeps, "which do make my heart relent at this minute that I am writing this, for she is indeed my sacrifice, poor girl." And this night Elizabeth says that the only way not to see things is to put them out of sight. She

has become Samuel's shadow about the house. She dresses him, watches his goings and comings, and prevents him entering the room where she has hidden Deb. His mind gets confused, and he mistakes the day in compiling his journal, a thing that has never happened before. "It is no wonder," he observes. Even his bed has become troublesome to him.

In the end, skilfully worked upon by his executioner and tortured by insomnia, he writes: "My house will never be at peace between my wife and I unless I let her go. If my wife should know all it were impossible ever for her to be at peace with me again, and so our whole lives would be uncomfortable."

At this juncture office worries intervene; once more he thinks of quitting London and exiling himself at Deptford. Then Elizabeth confronts him, her countenance more threatening than usual. She has questioned Deb who admits all. Samuel declares he is unable to foresee the consequences of this incident for his future peace. The storm is suspended a moment by the arrival of a friend, but afterwards "she reproached me with my unkindness and perjury, I having denied

my ever kissing her. As also with all her old kindnesses to me and my ill-using of her from the beginning, and the many temptations she hath refused out of faithfulness to me, whereof several she was particular in, and especially from my Lord Sandwich and of my Lord Hitchingbrooke. And that I would myself bid the girl be gone, and show my dislike to her, which I will endeavour to perform."

Another night Elizabeth starts up suddenly with expressions of affright and madness. Samuel tries to restrain her, and bursts out sobbing. This continues almost half the night, the moon shining so that it was light. Although he surmises that this fit is simulated, he is vanquished, and promises to send Deb away himself. And in his chamber the execution takes place. He is seated with tears in his eyes, and Deb appears before him. He orders her to depart as soon as possible, and never let him see her again while she is in the house, "which she took with tears too, but I believe understands me to be her friend." That night he slept rather better, and was even inclined to think that Deb was a cunning girl, if not a slut. But he is so built that, as soon as he knows

that Deb must depart, his love proves stronger than his caution. Having put forty shillings in a paper, he makes his way to the kitchen, but he is forestalled by his wife, who bids him go round the other way. This vexes him, and immediately she flies into a rage: Dog. Rogue. Rotten heart, "which, knowing that I deserved it, I bore with it." He leaves for the office in a miserable state, feeling that he cannot forget Deb, annoyed at not knowing where to find her, and troubled to see his wife become mistress, making of him her slave.

Truthful to the last, he finishes the narrative of this day with these words: "I must here remember that I have lain with my wife as a husband more times since this falling-out than in I believe twelve months before."

Who knows? Perhaps Samuel has never understood Elizabeth.

After the dismissal, he endeavours to put his thoughts and his papers into order again. But Deb is there, invisible and present.

In what desperate plight has she fallen? Incautiously or deliberately, Elizabeth tells him that she is living with a certain Allbun, and

Samuel sets off in pursuit of his bad passion. Usually devoted to his meals, he swallows a few oysters which an oyster-woman opens for him in the Strand, and sends his boy to make inquiries. Allbun turns out to be a poor bankrupt devil who does not dare show his head. However, Pepys now has strong hopes of seeing Deb without his wife being any the wiser. He has barely escaped his conjugal surveillance when he sends a message to Allbun. The latter, suspicious, refuses to show himself; in the end, Pepys confesses that his business with him is concerning a young gentlewoman, Mrs. Willet. The same night, in a coach, he meets her at last, and induces her to get in beside him. He kisses her. . . . Here the editor stops, and when Samuel speaks again, it is to say: "I did nevertheless give her the best council I could, to have a care of her honour, and to fear God, and suffer no man para avoir to do con her as je have done, which she promised."

Returning home, he tells his wife a fine story, and goes to bed satisfied.

The next day dawns fair, and things seem to have resumed their normal course. But Elizabeth's face is again as black as thunder. Rotten

heart. Rogue. He went to see Deb yesterday, "which, thinking it impossible for her ever to understand, I did a while deny, but at last did, for the ease of my mind and hers, and for ever to discharge my heart of this wicked business, I did confess all, and above stairs in our bed-chamber there I did endure the sorrow of her threats and vows and curses all the afternoon, and what was worse she swore by all that was good that she would slit the nose of this girl, and begone herself this very night from me, and did there demand £300 or £400 of me to buy my peace, that she might be gone without making any noise, or else protested that she would make all the world know of it. So with most perfect confusion of face and heart, and sorrow and shame, in the greatest agony in the world, I did pass this afternoon, fearing that it will never have an end."

In desperation he calls his secretary Hewer, and sends him to Elizabeth as an ambassador. And Hewer, who, poor devil, weeps like a child, states that Elizabeth will only be pacified on condition that Deb is banished for ever; that Samuel never sees her nor speaks to her again. In bed Pepys signs the treaty of peace.

Then his soul cries out to its merciful Creator: "If ever I can master this bout, being most absolutely resolved never to give her occasion while I live of more trouble of this or any other kind, there being no curse in the world so great as this of the differences between myself and her . . . and did this night pray to God upon my knees alone in my chamber, which God knows I cannot yet do heartily; but I hope God will give me the grace more and more to hear Him, and to be true to my poor wife."

All joy is dead; he no longer delights to regard his room redecorated by the upholsterer. It is stipulated in the treaty that henceforth he will not go out except in charge of Hewer or his wife. When it is Hewer, well and good; this devoted friend is corruptible. But Elizabeth cannot be appeased; she has a residue of vengeance to wreak. When the delinquent thinks he has recaptured a place in the sun, suddenly she hurls him back into Gehenna, insults him and pulls his hair. He puts up with it all, and by tears and silence manages to restore a little peace, but the moment after, frenzy seizes his wife again. Then in despair, he throws himself on the bed in the

blue room, the room that he had so fondly furnished, and Hewer parleys. Elizabeth requires that, in a letter written by his own hand, Samuel should insult Deb, and tell her that he hates her. He agrees, but omits the opprobrious word required of him. Thereupon Elizabeth destroys the letter. At length an agreement is reached with the aid of a euphemism. "Deb might too probably have been prevailed upon to have been a ——" The word is there; Hewer takes the letter, accompanied by a lashing message from Madam.[1]

The humiliation is complete. Pepys, once king in his household, is now a prisoner, always accompanied by his gaoler, male or female.

He tries to get accustomed to this decayed existence. Are there still a few causes for happiness under the heavens? Buckingham, who rules the King by his vivacity, will perhaps overthrow the monarchy and restore the republic; he has all the attributes of a demagogue, and then what will become of the Navy and of the Office? If friends like the Pierces or the Turners

[1] Hewer had the delicacy not to show Deb the insulting passage. It is interesting to compare this scene of the guilty man with that of Wycherley's *Country Wife*, IV, 2

pay a visit, he must receive them coldly for fear of upsetting Elizabeth; consequently they vote the household very dull. If he encounters Knepp's jockey husband, he avoids him; if he sees Knepp herself, he averts his eyes. The theatre has become a place of punishment; he dares not look about him and say what he thinks of the beauties, and is ill at ease from the beginning to the end. He scarcely notices that the King and the Duke smile on him; that the dancer, Moll Davis, and the sovereign exchange signs of intelligence, at which Lady Castlemaine's eyes blaze. Moribund is the *aficionado*, the singer, the haunter of corridors, the amateur of fine hands and fine legs. Other gratifications must be sought, such as putting his house shipshape from roof to floor, or taking the air with his legitimate spouse in his own coach, drawn by a couple of his own horses. Never has he cut such a fine figure in the world; never did a Pepys go forth so richly apparelled: what matters if the envious sneer. Has he not earned sufficient to pay for all this during the eight years he has held profitable employments? It is a moment to be proud, but the man is poor in spirit. In vain he tries to look on his wife with the eyes of a lover;

in vain he showers attentions on her, buying her the works of M. la Calprenede of whom she is so fond, and spending money to embellish her chamber; in vain he repeats to himself that he must love none but her, be faithful to her, that she deserves it: although styling herself a Roman Catholic she has consented to go to church, and this is an occasion for gratitude. This moral course, these spiritual exercises, produce but a slight effect: he is unable to live in the midst of difficulties, and the forbidden love sticks in his loins. The image of Deb obtrudes itself, against his will and his judgment. According to Elizabeth, who always watches his nights, he dreams unceasingly of this girl, calls out "Hussy!", has sudden startings up, unknown up till then.

One day he sees Deb in the street: "God forgive me, this gave me new thoughts." One day Elizabeth learns that her rival shows herself dressed in finery; it is said that she is richly supported. Who gives the money? Samuel obviously, and over this a fresh storm breaks out. At the end of his strength, he writes: "This will be, I hope, our last fight."

December goes by lamely enough, and January

finds Samuel still in servitude, his eyes averted, not daring to venture an opinion, chewing the cud of his folly, and always wracked by the desire for Deb, and Elizabeth with her hand on the neck of the vanquished, extorting from him a fixed sum for her expenditure, an unheard-of thing, and periodically having recourse to these fits of anger to maintain her advantage. Why did the first editors of the Diary shrink from its integral publication? The morality of this true story is incontestable.

CHAPTER XXXVI

LAST ROUNDS

The English novelist does not usually hurry. To skip days and months in a biography is a levity that is quite French. Lamb said: "I allow myself to be dragged along in the procession of life." Similarly the English reader in the romantic procession. When we are confronted with a Londoner who is his own biographer, we can only portray him conscientiously from day to day. To take him *en bloc*, then divide him into as many pieces as he has essential qualities, is almost to betray his memory.

Our knowledge of Pepys is derived from the record of his doings day by day. This rare man has been careful to describe his own development, and the daily reactions of men and things upon his mind. In the nature of the case we are unable to present a full-length portrait of Pepys. The

only real Pepys is a Pepys who reveals himself piecemeal. This is why the historian must follow in his steps, one by one, the other stages of his suffering.

If a religious society should be inspired to stage the domestic tragedy of Samuel for the edification of its flock, the *dénouement* would doubtless be the scene in the blue room. But to show the length to which Elizabeth is prepared to go in refinement of torture, it would be desirable to include the night of the 11th January. Samuel went out all the morning without a bodyguard; he did not dare invite the son of a friend for fear of his wife, and he did nothing that was reprehensible. With a clear conscience he goes to bed, but his wife does not follow his example. She brings new candles, and puts some wood on the fire. He implores her to come to bed. There is no reply. This lasts an hour or two. Suddenly the crisis breaks out: he has been seen in a hired coach with the window up with Deb. Where? When? Was it I? She cannot give details, but all the reasoning in the world avails nothing. At one o'clock in the morning she approaches the bed, tears off the quilt, makes the gesture of seizing her

husband with red-hot pincers. He gets up terrified, and she drops the instrument. At two o'clock, after considerable difficulty, she is induced to retire to bed; and for the rest of the night they talk. . . . Why then did he go out without saying where he was going? "I cannot blame her jealousy, although it do vex me to the heart."

Elizabeth had recently read *The Duchess of Malfi*, one of Webster's most sombre dramas, whence she had taken lessons in fury; if she did not introduce madmen into the culprit's bedroom, she succeeded herself in simulating madness.

If Samuel "employs his eyes" too much at the theatre, if he seems to answer Knepp's smile, if he tosses and turns in the night, she breaks out into incoherent reproaches. The fit sometimes lasts the whole day; she withdraws to her room and he parleys at the door; when he enters it he finds her lying on the ground sobbing. Why all this fuss? Because she thinks he is deceiving her with the servant. We shall no longer go to the theatre except in a high box or a low box; the servant will sleep with her mistress pending her dismissal. Samuel has but one resource: tears. Sometimes Elizabeth is softened, but

it is only an interlude. "I do hate to be unquiet at home. I am not able to endure this life."

Nevertheless he endures it, but Pepys of the time after the drama is not the Pepys of former days. The fresh colour of his cheeks fades; his features grow soft; his lively curiosity wanes. He does not lose sight of the theatre, but in his chronicle of 1669 the flame is visibly dying down. Knepp is lost to him; if the vivacious Nell sits in a neighbouring box and jokes during the whole play, he listens but says not a word. The mirage has vanished; his environment is harsh, without charm, without perfume. "Oh, what a humdrum thing life is!"

As for the great ones, they continue to pursue their bad amours with impunity. York is always chasing the maids of honour; now it is the turn of Mrs. Churchill, a tall, lean creature, who was served a good turn by a carriage accident. Lady Castlemaine dominates the King more than ever, not as a mistress, but as a tyrant; and the new favourite, Moll Davis, displays herself in a magnificent coach. One day Samuel sees all this world of fashion again, the lords and duchesses

sitting upon a carpet playing at "I love my love with an A, because he is so and so; and I hate him with an A, because of this and that." At this spectacle his passion revives; once more he wants to model his life upon that of these distinguished personages, and love where he lists; he sees Nell, his late maid, hoping to "have a bout with her." But Elizabeth has amazing intuitions: this day Samuel had to submit to two attacks and interrogations and reproaches. Knepp. Pierce. Take your pleasures without me. Be wise, Pepys, renounce: these disorderly amours are only fit for nobles or apprentices. You belong to the golden mean, an official having a reputation to maintain and with a gaoler who is watching your actions. May your respect for authority teach you to regard without envy the debauches of the great, and the consciousness of your dignity give you the power to despise those of the humble.

Pepys has made a real effort to live faithfully; he has tried to relearn his Puritan lessons, to rediscover pure enjoyments. Expressions of admiration relative to Lady Castlemaine have disappeared from his journal; when he gives presents,

the sole recipients are his wife and his cousin. To give a royal dinner in honour of Sandwich or of other lords; to be able to accommodate at his house fifteen persons, eight of them being persons of quality; to show his guests a select library; to collect cookery recipes and documents relating to the history of the Navy; to procure from France the engravings of M. Nanteuil, as well as French romances; to interest himself in Parish fashions—these things provide a sufficiency of rational occupations, of comfortable, bourgeois gratifications. And why not stick to them? When she has a grievance no longer, Elizabeth would perhaps forget her "passionate remembrance," and Samuel would be able to be happy again.

But no. He cannot bring himself to consent to stray no more and to renounce the pleasures of the senses. The old Adam cannot be eradicated, and the perverse devil will not loosen his clutches. He hopes to meet Deb, yet fears the sight of her; when, instead of her, he meets at Whitehall a lady in mourning who appears pretty and not shy, he takes her hand, and only lets it go for fear of the boy spy. And all through

the night his spirit chases that woman, although he thanks God that he was not tempted to go further. Elizabeth is kept informed about Deb; the rogue flaunts herself with black patches and speaks ill of her mistress; hence another bedroom crisis and hot invectives. Samuel remarks that Deb is doubtless to blame, but that the devil that is within him makes him desire to know where she is and what she is doing. "I dare not trust myself with it, if I should know it."

Meanwhile, he takes advantage of a relaxation of Elizabeth's vigilance to renew his relations with Mrs. Bagwell and Mrs. Martin, whom he has not seen for nearly a year. Jane the servant gets married to Tom; he blesses this union and congratulates himself upon it; it is a portion of the past that is melting away; they will no longer remind him of Deb and the old stories; the house is cleansed. But here is another cause of trouble. "And so to bed, my wife pleasing me, though I dare not own it, that she hath hired a chamber-maid; but she, after many commendations, told me that she had one great fault, and that was that she was very handsome, at which I made nothing, but let her go on; but many times to-night

she took occasion to discourse of her handsomeness, and the danger she was in by taking her, and that she did not doubt yet whether it would be fit for her to take her. But I did assure her of my resolutions to have nothing to do with her maids, but in myself I was glad to have the content to have a handsome one to look on." The next day Elizabeth announces that all things considered she will not engage the pleasing maid, but another who has had smallpox. The disappointed Samuel returns no answer. At length she arrives; he finds the new-comer proper, comely, with a most pleasing tone of voice, well dressed, but with great ugly hands. "In short, the maid will please me well enough." Happily, he meets Deb, and this encounter works a transformation. He devises an excuse to send away Hewer, the day's keeper. "Has he seen her? Does he know that I have seen her? Does he suspect that I have sent him away on her account? I do not know, but my heart beats fast." He runs after his passion; she is not resplendent, and wears her ordinary clothes; she is in the company of quite common people. Under the staircase of Whitehall he rejoins her. At first she tries

to avoid him, but eventually he has converse with her.[1]

How shall he be able to affect innocence? He can scarcely hide his surprise or control his tumultuous feelings. On this occasion Elizabeth's intuition deserts her, and Samuel thinks: "But my great pain is lest God Almighty shall suffer me to find out this girl whom indeed I love and with a bad amour. I will pray to God to give me the grace to forbear it."

Two days later finds him in a tavern with Deb; he kisses her and renews his relations with enjoyment, and after having given her twenty shillings and made an appointment, concludes: "So giving me great hopes by her carriage that she continues modest and honest we did part." Hypocrisy? No. Morality has resumed its rights. But the devil re-appears; the idea that his wife may make inquiries makes him tremble with fear. What a life. Surely it is not possible for her to discover anything. And Deb fails to keep her appointment. "Whether she had been there before and missing me went away or hath no mind to

[1] *Diary*, 13th April, 1669. Pour dire me ou she demeure now and did charge her para say nothing of me that I had vu elle."

come to me (the last whereof, as being most pleasing, as showing most modesty, I should be most glad of)." In order not to disappoint the hopes which his vigil raised, he goes to see his old acquaintance, Doll Lane. This day passes without scandal, and Elizabeth, who suspects without due cause, is routed. Fortune ordains that he shall meet Deb in the street once more: a wink and a smile, nothing more. A few days later he learns that she has gone to Greenwich: a happy circumstance; he will be able to visit her out of London.[1]

This was the last smile bestowed on him by his mistress, the only woman who succeeded in dethroning Lady Castlemaine from his heart. He does not see her again. One day when he is out walking very amicably with Elizabeth, he gives her the impression that he is acquainted with some women who are gossiping on a door-step. Elizabeth tells him at once that he knew well enough that this damned place was where Deb dwelt. He swore angrily that it was false,

[1] 14th, 26th April, 4th May, 1669. It chanced this day that he returned home before his wife. "If Deb had been to have been found, it is forty to one that I had been abroad, God forgive me."

and compelled her to retrace her steps and confess her mistake. She begged his pardon. With Circe at Greenwich, Ulysses resumes his marital privileges.

CHAPTER XXXVII

KNOCK OUT

THE fabric of Pepys the official has not been impaired; he was never so rich as now, and if he has any anxiety about his position, it is because he knows too much and Buckingham and others who do not bear him goodwill might be tempted to get rid of him. But dare they? He is too useful to be dismissed, and thank God he has enough to live on comfortably.

Behold that coach wending along Pall Mall; the horses' manes and tails are tied with red ribbons; on the panels are standards gilt with varnish; the reins are green, and the flunkeys have serge livery.[1]

Inside is a lady with a flowered taffeta gown; by her side is a gentleman clad in a camlet tunic with gold lace at the hands. The couple do not

[1] Cf. Carlyle: "What do you mean by respectable? He kept a gig."

seem in the best of tempers. Madam did not want anyone to sit beside her for fear of crushing her dress. And then there were so many hackney coaches as to spoil the sight of the gentlemen's. Thus passes the Pepys household in its seeming glory. The Duke of York takes notice of Elizabeth; and friends and neighbours admire. But if Asmodeus, the lame devil, should appear and tear the lace and scratch the varnish, only a suffering Samuel would be left. "Mr. Shere's attitude towards me seems to convey very little respect for my person. On the other hand, my wife has a marked taste for his, perhaps because he is a poet; she likes to run across him at the theatre, prepares tasteful dinners for him when he comes to the house, and only takes books that he recommends her. When she has seen him during the day her sleep is disturbed, and I am obliged to chide her to put her to rest. There is probably nothing reprehensible in all this, but I cannot prevent myself feeling ill at ease. May I not at least taste the peaceful joy of showing myself in a splendid equipage? But the envious are on the watch; they talk of nothing but my horses and my lace (I will have it taken off). To

be seen too often in my coach may do me harm." Never an unsullied pleasure.

Once more he turns to seek consolation in science, in acquiring ideas as of yore. But a supreme misfortune visits him; for a long time his eyes have troubled him; he had fatigued them by dint of drinking; a return to sobriety effected a cure, but on top of wine there was the theatre. He has a relapse. He consults the physician Boyle and his doctor, and, unable to read two consecutive lines, has recourse to his wife and his boy; a little beer, alas, suffices to bring a return of the trouble. Will he have to give up everything as an invalid? A mechanic devises for him a mask with two tubes attached. It is with this ornament that Pepys makes his last appearance.[1]

We do not catch another glimpse of this Balzacian personage. Elizabeth has asserted her freedom, going out and returning when she likes, even in the middle of the night; Deb has departed and all delights have gone with her. Now Samuel's pulse hardly beats more quickly in the presence of the handsome women of the

[1] 28th, 30th March, 25th April, 1st, 5th, 10th May, 1669.

Court. The devil leads him once or twice to Betty Michell, to Mrs. Martin, but the fire of these old habits is dying. His body is relieved, but his soul left unsatisfied, and it is in the soul that he is sick.[1] And to mark this turning-point in his life, he changes his place in the office. For eight years his table had been near the fireplace, facing the window. He moves it, and it is there, in semi-gloom, his eyes hidden behind his mask, that he writes the last lines of this so long unknown masterpiece.

[1] 30th, 31st May, 1669. The jargon persists to the last day. "Je did baiser elle but had not opportunity para hazer some with her as I would have offered if je had had it."

EPILOGUE

It is usual in England to deplore the interruption of the Pepysian journal; the eye of its author saw no longer, and this spelt irreparable harm to "the eye of the world spirit." What a stroke of luck for the moralizing Macaulays and the romancing Water Scotts if Samuel had remained the unequal chronicler of the Navy, of the Court, and of his own story. They would have continued to delve into him, as the cauldron at the wedding feast of Gamache was delved into, always finding some savoury morsel. But the cauldron sprung a leak, and, to resume the metaphor so dear to our neighbours, you cannot have gravy without meat.

The present biographer does not share these regrets. The month of May, 1669, witnesses the *dénouement* of the drama. Pepys has tasted love and tried illicit amusements; aping his masters, he wanted elbow room to play the libertine. He has been defeated; the domestic tyrant has fallen into servitude.

At the end of this distressful year he obtained leave of absence and travelled in Holland and France with Elizabeth. On their return, Elizabeth caught a fever and died. He caused a monument to be raised to her in Saint Olave, and the epitaph which he composed breathes the new widower's inveterate love of order, noting in florid style the chief stages of Elizabeth's sojourn among us, without forgetting the sterility of the defunct.

Taught by experience, he never married again. But how did he live? Must we picture him enjoying his recaptured liberty, going to the theatre without a gaoler, gazing at the beauties through his perspective glass; then relapsing into the society of Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Bagwell? Did he make the round of taverns again in a city now cleansed of its ashes? Did he study how to become a complete *beau*, particularly to drink as copiously as Rochester, who remained drunk for five years running; in short, was he a ripe man according to the formula of Chaucer?[1]

[1] *Canterbury Tales.* "To be white at the head and green at the tail like a pear." Chaucer was the poet that Pepys best understood and appreciated. In the end Rochester repented. He was thirty-three years old and of a clear mind when he went to the civil old gentleman in black, that is, to the devil.

Or, on the other hand, was the face of Pepys touched with the breath of grace? Perhaps the drama was followed by the time of meditation. In that case, we should have an austere Pepys, conscious that the glance of the Saviour was directed upon him, and blackening works of edification with marginal notes. Finally, we may figure a Pepys in mezzotinto, neither libertine nor Puritan, living hygienically according to the precepts of Saint-Evrèmond; a philosopher of the Navy; a disillusioned man who managed, albeit belatedly, to enjoy innocent pleasures honestly. This picture of Pepys seems to me the most probable.

As a widower, he absorbed himself wholly in his official duties, and from this angle, his eyes being cured, he watched the march of events.

Worn out, although not fifty-five years old, Charles II died by a basset table, surrounded by the sultanas of the hour, Keroualle, the Breton girl, and the Duchess of Mazarin. A Catholic and a pensioner of France, this frivolous prince neglected to the last to practise the maxim of his royal banker, Louis XIV: "We must separate the tendernesses of the lover from the resolutions of

the Sovereign." Unlucky as ever, the ex-Duke of York, James II, lost his crown after a reign of three years. He sought refuge at Saint Germains, and entrusted his honest and foolish soul not to the hands of ladies, but to those of the Jesuits. The old loves and the old hates of Pepys gradually disappear from the scene: Mrs. Stuart lived out a peaceful autumn, which she divided between cards and cats; Nell Gwynn, the frolicsome child, easily undressed, so proud of the title of "the Protestant whore," who claimed presents from her "brother-in-law," the King of France, only distinguished herself by acts of charity. Pen, the worthy Pen, who has nothing of the damned rogue detested of Samuel, died in his bed in 1670, prostrated by suffering, whether caused by rheumatism or debauchery, who knows? Monk died of dropsy. Lord Sandwich perished gloriously in the naval battle of Southwold Bay in 1672. Only Lady Castlemaine survived; elbowed out by actresses and French mistresses, but for all that, Duchess of Cleveland, she gives rein to her strong temperament: as a widow of sixty-five, but insatiable, she marries the handsome Fielding, who deceives and ruins her. Thus

she who had been for Samuel the prototype of beauty, who had been instructress of love to several generations, felt the hand of immanent justice in her decline.[1]

And while these historical personages gradually descend to the grave, and their names appear in obituaries, Samuel waxes in dignities. He exhibits little short of genius as secretary to the Admiralty. Several times he is elected member of Parliament, but these incursions into the Commons are not very successful: he speaks too arrogantly as becomes a man conscious of knowing all about his subjects, and this raises a crop of enmities. He is accused of being a Papist, perhaps on account of a crucifix which he has at home and of which he is very proud, and then of being sold to France. Twice he is imprisoned, and is obliged to procure from the rector of the parish a certificate that he attends church. Smile, O manes of Elizabeth. The advent of the Dutch William III, after the fall of James II, ejects Samuel from his official and parliamentary category. He was the man of the fallen King, and

[1] She survived her adorer, dying in 1709. As to Queen Catherine she returned to end her poor life in Portugal.

the electors will have nothing more to do with him. Then, as he cannot remain isolated, and his nature demanding that he should be classified, he returns to the scientific and literary category. At the Royal Society he sits not on the bench nor on a chair, but in the arm-chair. In his capacity as President, he signs the order to publish Newton's *Principia*. He recommends characters to Dryden, and hears himself called "*Padron mio*" by the poet laureate. Oxford University weaves garlands for his head; authors place their works under the protection of his "ever respected name." Finally he has a coat of arms: the escutcheon of the Pepys of Cottenham, surmounted by a casque, and above the casque—what magnificence!—a bridled camel's head. As to his motto, it bespeaks a deep philosophy: *Mens cujusque is est quisque.*

The Pepysian iconography enables us to follow these transformations: from Clerk to Secretary of the Admiralty, then to Mæcenas and to Nestor of the Navy. The portraits of Hayles and of Lely belong to the first period: it is a ruddy-faced Pepys, kindly and jovial, a sheet of music in his hand. Kneller's portrait marks the advent of

Pepys to position: a severe expression, eyelids heavy with responsibility, an official of weight with shrunken cheeks, lace bands and enormous periwig. In the medallion at the British Museum, the vulgarity of the profile is mitigated, the eye is softened, the periwig has assumed more normal proportions, and finally an indescribable air of resigned sadness reposes on the features: a remembrance of Deb, who knows?[1]

This is the Pepys of the later epoch, who had suffered under Elizabeth, known glory and its mortifications. It is the author of the *Navakia* (1690), whom sober Puritans called "a philosopher of the severest morality"; Pepys the secluded and the persecuted, but also the man with three thousand volumes. Is it possible to find behind this rampart of paper the old friend of women? Here are one or two facts, from which the reader may draw what conclusion he will. Towards the end of his life Pepys had in his service a housekeeper, devoted but shrewish, as

[1] What became of the humble friends of Pepys: Knepp, Mercer, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Bagwell, Betty Michell? The name of the first disappeared from the play-bills in 1678; towards what destinies she was carried by "her brute of a husband" no one knows. For the others, they have returned to the obscurity from which only the passion of Pepys caused them to emerge.

fate ordained it. He left a legacy to a lady named Skynner in recognition of the constant friendship and good offices with which she had surrounded him during thirty-three years. Lastly, in November, 1693, Pepys was the victim of a robbery on the road from Chelsea, and from the records at the Old Bailey it appears that, on the one hand, he was in a carriage with ladies, one of whom was called Lady Pepys, and, on the other hand, five mathematical instruments were stolen from him. This conjunction of the weaker sex and science may throw a light, of a mere glimmer, on Pepys in his ripe age.

He had left the Navy Office, and the last years of his life were spent at York's Buildings and at Clapham, in company with the faithful Hewer, his confidant and involuntary body-guard during the bad days, who was also his testamentary executor. We do not know if he frequented Wills' Coffee-House, where Dryden held session; in any case, he haunted bookshops, a faddy amateur not easily satisfied, but held in high esteem by booksellers. He bequeathed his library to Magdalen College, and on this occasion showed for the first time in his life, and that when he

was near the grave, that he was not quite devoid of delicate feeling. After taking minute precautions for the classification of his books, he granted to Trinity College a right of inspection over Magdalen College, in order to ensure the execution of his intentions, making a pedagogue watch a pedagogue.

He expired peacefully on the 26th May, 1703, and the same day, Mr. Evelyn, who had been his friend for nearly forty years, wrote: "To-day died Mr. Samuel Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person. Not an Englishman surpassed him in knowledge of the Navy. He was universally loved, hospitable, generous, well-informed in many things, an expert in music." All this is very well and flows from a good nature; but the drama, Mr. Evelyn? You have ignored the Pepysian drama, and your funeral oration does not reveal the man's heart.

When the corpse of Pepys was opened, a nest of seven irregularly shaped stones, weighing four-and-a-half ounces, was found in the left kidney. Each year he had celebrated his operation, but laboured only too conscientiously to bring on the trouble again. From Clapham he was trans-

ported to Saint Olave, and he sleeps, this time in peace, by the side of his wife.

History does not tell us if from Samuel's grave there sprouted a bramble which buried itself in the grave of Elizabeth. This phenomenon was observed a short time ago at Tintagel.

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Samuel Pepys; a portrait in miniature
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